A SCRAP BOOK

BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

[Σαιντσβύριος] τάδ' ἔγραψα, παλαιά τε μωρά τε εἰδώς.
LUCIAN *mut. nom.*

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PREFACE

We all know what *qui s'excuse* really does, so I shall not say much as to further reappearances after a certain leave-taking. It is true that then I was honestly referring only to appearance "in panoply"—"Histories of Literature" of the kind I had been writing for more than thirty years in nearly or quite half that number of volumes. These I have never attempted since, and am not likely ever to attempt—indeed I have refused proposals for things of the kind, not merely on the score of age, but because Fate has not been kind in some other ways. As, when I began again with smaller and lighter things, people seemed to like these, "request of friends" became more than a polite apology—there i y need to say anything about the rest of th — as to another kind of obligation. After ... functions goes back as usual to Shakespeare and ... a Tory: I ...orm.

with a touch of Touchstone. My present Beatrice may be a poor thing ; but when I said that I should write no more I did not know that I was going to write *her*. And whether she will be Mr. Baxter's absolutely Last Word or not I do not know now.

Like other people in these days of *Reminiscences*, I have of course—long ago and often since—been asked to write *them*. But without in the least reflecting on anybody who has done so, I am bound to say that, in any complete or continuous form, the proceeding has always discommended itself to me. I have had no great and big public experiences ; and when you come to private ones my possibly old-fashioned tastes would oblige me to leave out all the more interesting things to and about myself, and most of those most interesting to others about others ...t. The greatest compliment that can be paid ...ybody is, " You *are* a gentleman," and I do ...m to see a gentleman either kissing and ... remembering to backbite. Nevertheless ...onal anecdotes, especially of Oxford

at a time when men, I fancy, were lectured and shepherded less and allowed to prepare for the risks of their future life more,[1] may perhaps be introduced to vary other matter.

As for that other matter, it consists of things to some extent perhaps validated by the experiences of a life, undistinguished, as has been confessed, by any striking events, but sufficiently free from unvaried ruts of any kind. Twenty years of passive education and eight of active schoolmastering—not undiversified in frequentation as guest of barrack and ball-room, as *habitué* of the open road as well as the closed study; twenty more of London journalism of a rather varied type; twenty more yet of that professorial life in a Scotch University which, especially for persons not to the country born, gave an almost ideal combination of vocational employment, with varied residence and opportunities for *a*vocational work and play; y

[1] The apparent growth of "Battels" amazes me most. After Commission they will probably include college-furnished cloth functions good old "Moses" principle—"three suits a year, two *to be r* a Tory: I orm.

another seven of "shelf," with the opportunities that shelf gives of looking without falling "down and out," and certain circumstances not favourable to mere going to sleep on it—all this at least does not disqualify a man for forming and holding opinions—even for giving them.

Also without boasting I believe I may say that these opinions are home-grown, in respect not only of minor "books and things and persons," but of the greater matters in politics and religion, in aesthetics and philosophy. I do not take to myself the slightest credit for this independence. I suppose I was born so, just as another man might be born handsome, a third physically strong, a fourth amiable, and a fifth able to write so that other people can read his writing. At any rate no person that I can think of, in racking a pretty good memory, ever did influence my opinions in the slightest degree, and no author ·cept Carlyle, with whom in details I disagree ften as I agree, if not oftener. My father believe, a Conservative, but he died when ırteen, and never talked politics, with or

before me, at all. Nor did my schoolmasters, or my tutors when I went to Oxford.[1] Although my family was sincerely and, as the French say, "practisingly" religious, there was no controversial element about in it, and nothing to make me, either by attraction or repulsion, High Church or Evangelical. In these two most important divisions of thought and practice, as in literature and in art, in work and play, in personal relations, and in everything else, I have loved things and persons because *I* loved them, and loathed them because *I* loathed—not because the love or the loathing was fashionable or unfashionable, profitable or unprofitable, orthodox or heretical, customary or eccentric. And when it comes not to loving or loathing, but to knowing or believing, accepting or rejecting, I have always held with the poet on the voyage of man's life, that

Save his own soul, he hath no star,

[1] I think I may say that I imitated them when I came into functions similar to theirs. All my students may have known that I was a Tory: I am sure none can say that I talked Tory politics on the platform.

though that poet and I might differ considerably as to Who put the soul there and to several other conditions and circumstances, rules for star-observation, and charts to consult in steering.

I only trouble the reader with all this to explain, if not excuse, my troubling him further with a few notes of this voyage as taken by myself—notes lighter and graver—a farrago, in short. Southey's *Omniana*, Locker's *Patchwork*, and my regretted friend Austin Dobson's *Bookman's Budget* may have had something to do with suggesting it to me, in form; though they are all, especially the first and last, as much less purely personal as they are, no doubt, better. I could, of course, have followed their example in the "Commonplace-book" direction to any extent—there are one or two such followings as it is. But I did not want to make a big book, and I did want to say what I have said here. In my twenty years of journalism I calculate, on principles again employed here later, that I must have written the equivalent of at least a hundred volumes of the "Every Gentleman's Library"

type—and probably more. I have not, to my knowledge, repeated any sentence in that extensive and fortunately uncollectable collection;[1] but some of the following articles contain expressions, in short, of the principles on which the others were written. I might have called the booklet *A Little Testament*, but that would have been presumptuous and plagiarising. The title actually to be adopted is unpretentious, common property, and yet exact to individual contents.

So let it take its chance—offering, as it does, free opportunity of play on the various meanings of the word "scrap," and, by the help of the motto below it,[2] additional handles to any one who chooses to take hold of them. If there is

[1] Nothing here given has appeared before, except two of the "Little Necrologies," that on Mr. Lang, which appeared in the *Oxford Magazine*, just after his death, and that on Mr. Dobson, from the *Bookman's Journal*, both reprinted by kind permission of the respective Editors.

[2] "Lucian wrote this, knowing old things and vain."

If the epigram is really his, some lines must surely be lost, dealing with *παλαιά* and its opposite *νέα*, as the actual sequel does with *μωρά* and *σοφά*. I think I know what they would have been like. For as most of the supposed wise things are foolish, so nearly all the supposed new things, bar mere mechanism, are old.

in parts of it what one of our young Ithuriels—quite kind to some other work of mine in the main, as, I am a little surprised and very frankly pleased to say, others of his squadron have been—speared as a "spatter of jocosities," I plead my Victorian "clergy." Gilbert and Calverley, "Lewis Carroll" and Traill, may have lent individual genius to the expression of a certain spirit. But, after all, that spirit itself was the spirit of their age—a spirit which aspired to humour and rejoiced therein, even if it could not always attain it—which, as it is put in one of the very greatest of English and therefore of any poems—

> Ever with a *frolic* welcome took
> Thunder and sunshine.

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1 Royal Crescent, Bath,
Oct. 12, 1922.

CONTENTS

A SCRAP BOOK

I. *The Charm of Journalism.*—What is it? It would be unnecessary and idle to list the long and illustrious row of lovers; but Sir James Barrie's declaration when he was rectored at St. Andrews the other day, made one old cavalier-servant certainly, and probably a great many more, ask the question for the xth time. To answer that question would be no small part of the business of a real historian of the newspaper—a person who, apparently, has never shown himself yet.[1]

Whether this later Ninon de l'Enclos still retains her witchery I do not know. I have

[1] Certainly not, some fifty years ago, in the shape of James Grant—not the once beloved author of *Harry Ogilvie* and *The Yellow Frigate*, but James of the 'Tiser, victim of some of Thackeray's most savage "slatings" in his own Press days.

heard of some one on the staff of a newspaper at this moment who is paid £10,000 a year. Could one love something or somebody which or who pays one £10,000 a year, unless of course it were the Church and one were an archbishop? (though archbishops have nothing like that now). Perhaps, too, the increasing specialism, here as elsewhere, creates monotony and boredom. But these are "shallows and miseries." There *was* nobody like *our* Ninon, and (apparently) the other fellows' Ninon before us—as for the present and the future, let them take care of themselves.

I think that, as with other loves, her infinite variety, while she lasted, and the extreme uncertainty whether she would last or not, constituted at least part of her attraction. In less than twenty years' *liaison* with her, the present writer found himself twice "on the pavement"—"planted there" incomeless, "disestablished *and* disendowed." Papers die or are sold over your head; reconstructions of staff and scheme lop off the branch on which you sat; all manner

of evil contingencies may happen. Nor, when all goes smoothly, do you as a rule when you go down to your office know in anything more than an *x* to *y* degree what you are going to write about. You may have something to propose, but it is somebody else who disposes ; and though you may be, as, I believe, one person once proudly claimed to be, "the third best authority in England on grey shirtings," it may fall to you to discuss the best way of keeping a hand on the manufacture of cocaine ; when you have been concocting arguments as to the extent to which a law officer of the Crown in a criminal case should use rhetoric against the prisoner, you may have to point out to other persons in still higher position that a place called Teschen has been heard of before 1919.[1] These are contingencies more recent than my own experience ; but certainly the first quarter of the twentieth

[1] Some of *us* could also have pointed out to such persons that if you disturbed Austria you would pull out linchpins and throw down keystones throughout Europe.

century has not been less fertile in their kind than the last of the nineteenth, from which I shall give samples presently. If we did not busy ourselves quite so much with some sections of society as our successors seem to do—why, once more, this is not my business. *Autres temps, autres Ninons.*

But even the more or less uninteresting disappointments noticed above testify to the Cleopatresque variety of the lady, while not seldom she almost lays claim to that wonderful line which, amid volumes of triviality and vulgarity and sentimental gush, makes Leigh Hunt a poet :

> The laughing Queen that caught the world's great hands.

The occupations and amusements she offers you never grow monotonous, and are sometimes monumental surprises. You might in my time go down to business one day and be greeted with the news of that Phœnix Park murder—which apparently some journalists of to-day have never heard of, judging from their ingenuous surprise at the "spontaneous generation" of the crime

in Ireland. Others gave you the successive episodes of that second Afghan War which was so vividly touched off in *Maga* some months ago.[1] For a third variation of kind you were told that the excellent Dr. Ginsburg was thirsting for your blood — not because you had backed Shapira's forgeries, but because you had dealt in too Hellenic irony with some of the positive Hebraic arguments against them,—or, by a half-laughing, half-reproving editor, that a most respectable man of letters—himself editor of a most respectable periodical—had suddenly discontinued his subscription because of some ribaldry of yours about Mr. Gladstone and Bradlaugh. Again there was to be done steady battering of that Channel Tunnel insanity which is rearing its head once more. (Fancy the state of London, *or* the state of the tunnel, if we were all wondering whether, and how soon, the Germans or somebody else would be in a position to *reverse* the threat of the old rhyme :

[1] "Old For-Ever," *Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1922.

Load me well, and keep me clean,
And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green!)

Or, going East once more, you might have to be very learned, and not too ill-informed, on Merv and Balkh, "combining" (like the other young gentleman at Eatanswill) classical reminiscences of Bactria and Sogdiana with quite fresh and partly confidential information furnished you by that kindest and wisest of heroes whom men, because they loved him,[1] called "Bobs." Whence you might turn to the discussion of knuckle-bones and cat's-cradle; or the best way of making claret cup; or the desirableness of a new edition of Defoe; or of a halter for Mrs. Maybrick. Metaphorically, if not locally, another old tag applied:

At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague he's at home,
The good [pressman] is nowhere a stranger.

[1] "I hold he loves me best who calls me Tom," says Heywood in a passage which some people who know nothing else about him know, because it touches on Shakespeare.

Men (and women) have said unkind things of this mistress of ours. An excellent old lady (who was rather more like the present imaginary Victorian dame than any one else I ever knew) once remonstrated with my sainted *belle-mère* for allowing her daughter to marry "a man who wrote for penny papers"—a remonstrance all the more unreasonable because the villain did not take to *this* villainy for some years after he had carried off his victim from her mother's arms. Recently the form of contempt has altered. I am told that journalism has been, as the late seventeenth century would have said, "taken into keeping," and that some of the keepers keep whole harems of newspapers. But, as I have admitted, I never listen to scandal about old loves.

Perhaps the curious "Attraction of the Night" has something to do with the matter, though very much journalist work—more, I fancy, than formerly—is done in the "gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day." Indeed, I myself found that I could not stand real night-work of the old kind

—work that began at 10 and kept one up till 3 or 4—for very long. But it had an odd interest of its own, and its accidents were odder still. Once, as I was going up in the Underground to the Temple, a young lady, not exactly a Ninon, but "very nicely dressed," as Peter Simple says, and of profession much more unmistakable to me than the other's was to Peter, though not offensive in manners or speech, plumped herself down close to me and said, "Do my eyes look queer?" So I inspected them in the grave and chaste way, and delivered the verdict that they were quite nice eyes and didn't look queer at all. "Oh!" she said, "I thought they might," and then proceeded to tell me how an admirer of hers, who was returning to the other side of the world, and had actually taken his leave, had waked her in the middle of the preceding night and taken her down to Gravesend; and how on board ship later they had jointly partaken of five pints of champagne as a stirrup-cup. "He has a wife and seven children," she concluded.

"Were the seven children on board?" I asked. "No," she replied with perfect gravity, "nor the wife." We parted without any additional stain on either of our characters, and somehow when I think of her and think also of Dr. Johnson's beloved Bet Flint—in whose own region we were—and of many changes of times and places and things, I wonder if it *was* Bet, *rediviva.*

Another time it was when I was returning, not going, in that strange dead season just before dawn, the mystical quality of which great verse- and prose-men have sung and said. I was three (perhaps four) parts asleep in my hansom, and I suspect driver and horse were in much the same condition, when, about Knightsbridge, we met a cart for Covent Garden, equally under the sway of "Porpus," and I woke to find the end of a shaft *inside* the cab and alongside my ear. A few inches more towards the middle and the results might have been something more than a headache.

These are trivial things enough; but as one

looks back they take one a little—ever so little—out of *das Gemeine*—the uniform banality which is the curse alike of life, and literature, and politics, and everything else.

One thing that I am altruistically sorry for in the state of those who would have been my fellows in the service of this Gipsy Queen, if they had lived forty or fifty years ago, is the disappearance of anonymity in the Press. As it happened, I myself began—as an outsider and almost non-combatant—in the *Academy* with signed articles. But most of my regular service in political, miscellaneous, and literary work for periodicals, daily and weekly, was done anonymously, and I cannot help thinking that this is by far the better system. The other may gratify personal vanity, but hardly even that when the custom comes to such a pitch that mere "office-boy" work claims the distinction which is now no distinction. One old objection to the anonymous article—that it covers unfairness and personal spite—is really absurd. What is the use

of an editor if he does not prevent this? On the other hand, signature does hamper and cramp honest and frank criticism.[1] But the strongest arguments against it may be derived, first from the amount of semi-oracular *authority* that it takes away from the article, and secondly from the necessary disappearance of *mystery*. Now authority is a great thing, and mystery a greater. I myself once wrote an article entitled "Confessions of an English Leek-Eater," which made quite a sensation. Persons in the Upper Houses of Fleet Street asked seriously whether it was not the late Lord Salisbury's (compare, with the proper allowance, what happened to one of the George Warringtons), and the interest in it almost survived the twenty-four hours—till a treacherous friend spoilt the fun by blurting out that it was mine. Well! well! From Piccadilly to St. Paul's or thereabouts *nous étions bien là*; and I do not feel inclined to shower

[1] So much so that a man who has been long on the Press, unless he is a mere hermit or a mere Ishmaelite, has hardly any "free elbow" at all.

anything but roses even on the graves of the papers that didn't pay me.

II. *A Book of Misunderstandings.*—Has any one ever written this? or anything like it? To be done satisfactorily it should be the result of things jotted down from time to time and checked by a long experience of books and life. Here I can only give a specimen or two, to be relayed by others later.

One of not the least noteworthy and notorious of historic sayings is Claverhouse's answer to the rebel Covenanter who appealed to God and man against his drumhead sentence: "To man I can be answerable, and as for God, I will take Him into my own hand."

Now the almost universal comment on this has been condemnatory—the censure varying in terms from "blasphemous" and even "atheistic" to "brutal" and "indecent." This has always seemed to me to be a particularly gross and crass instance of misunderstanding. That the utter-

ance was not sympathetic or mealy-mouthed is of course true enough : a Graham with a memory of a certain procession along the High Street of Edinburgh some thirty years earlier, with another Graham for its centre and victim, was not likely to feel or speak amiably. But it was a categorical and straightforward reply to the delinquent's appeal. Claverhouse, in fact, recognises the relevance of the first half of that appeal. He *could* be answerable to man : he held commission from the constituted authorities to do the things he was doing. But as between him and the Divinity, the issue was clearly confined to themselves only. If what he was doing was against God's will, it was not because it was done to any particular person, and no particular person had any *locus standi* in the case. *Deorum injuriae, dîs curae.* I cannot imagine any attitude more utterly correct for a Christian, or indeed for any adherent of any religion which regards a God—or even many gods—as dispenser or dispensers of ultimate justice. The phrase may be bold

and rather in the style of the Old than of the New Testament. But I think few Hebrew prophets would have objected to it, and I don't think either St. Paul or St. Peter would.

Curiously enough, though I have held this opinion ever since I had any reasoned opinions, something connected with the matter only occurred to me the other day, when I was reading for the hundredth time *the* Short Story of the World — Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale." That contains, it will be remembered, the matchless portrait of Claverhouse himself sitting among the roisterers, but not of them, in the infernal duplicate of Redgauntlet Castle. It is not in his mouth but in Steenie Steenson's that, later, is put the rejection of the Evil One's orders, "I shall refer myself to God's pleasure and not to yours." But Sir Walter has been thinking of Dundee, and any careful student of words *and* meaning (the studies are too often divorced) will see that the principle of the two speeches is the same, if their phrasing is different. In the

Ultimate Court, God and man are alone, and there shall no thirdsman come between them to appeal or to accuse, to mediate or to meddle.

III. *A Case of Distress.*—There was once at a certain university a certain college—indeed it is there now, in spite of the Enemy—possessed by or possessing a set of dons, who were individually agreeable and admirable, but (forasmuch as they were mostly the children of the first Commission of that Enemy)—*rerum novarum immodice cupidi.* So when it happened that an unfortunate undergraduate had undertaken, and won, that "match against the constable" which used to be a frequent variety of university athletics, they jumped at the opportunity of allowing distraint on his furniture. Whether this was such a shocking innovation as it appeared to his fellows—not to mention the important body of scouts and college servants (who foresaw diminution of perquisites at "going down")—I cannot say. But, as the Baron remarks, it was "not in accord-

ance with the feelings of the Commons of Bradwardine,"[1] either above or below stairs; and while the scouts were perfectly prepared to know nothing of what was to happen, was happening, or had happened, their masters were equally prepared to make something happen. A certain whist club conveniently held a séance in some rooms at the top of the staircase whereon the menaced rooms were a bottom set; and when Tom had told his hundred *plus* one and the college was free from strangers, the members of that club, reinforced by others, set to work. The keys, curiously enough, were in their possession (though next morning they were in the porter's), and the rescue began. Every piece of furniture, from wardrobe to boot-jack, was removed and bestowed in other men's rooms; the carpets were daintily prised up, rolled, and secreted in the same way. Nothing was left but the blinds (the curtains had gone), which were spared, lest

[1] Oddly enough, the name has an anterior and special propriety here. If Scott had known of the *Doctor Profundus* he surely would have brought him in.

(it was, as noted, a ground-floor set) the state of the apartments should be prematurely revealed through the windows. And then the rescuers went to bed and slept the sleep due to virtuous exertion.

Next morning there was, again most conveniently, a breakfast in the same rooms in which there had been whist the night before; and men partook of it till information came that the bailiffs had arrived, when they descended to see the game. The invaders were led by the porter, whose gravity, though he knew the state of things perfectly, was beyond praise. While he was picking out the proper key, the chief officer of the law (a well-looking and well-dressed Israelite, with a beautiful top-hat) said pleasantly to one of the most prominent of the bystanders (half the college was there), "This must be amusing for you gentlemen," and was politely informed that the gentlemen thought it would be. When the oak was opened the bareness of the usual small vestibule might have passed, but the inner doors were promptly made to show the utter

nakedness of the land, save for a single piece of crockery, abandoned in the middle of the floor.

There was a roar of laughter, of course, but the bailiff's face was a study as it passed from smiling importance to savage wrath. "You'll be sorry for this," he said to his former interlocutor (who only replied, "Oh! I don't think we shall"), and turned rapidly across the quad. I regret to say that a youthful person (these freshmen lack finish terribly) flung the piece of crockery after him, crying, "But you're not taking your levy!"

What happened afterwards I do not know: certainly nobody concerned (except perhaps the payer of "costs" in the matter) had any reason to be "sorry." The furniture was returned, of course, the protest having been duly made. I suppose the removers did put themselves in peril of the law; but it would have been practically impossible to bring their crime home to individuals, and it would have caused an absurd scandal if it had been effected or even attempted.

It was a little hard on the bailiff, who was only doing his duty; but, after all, he might have kept his temper, and the freshman's performance formed no part of the original plan of campaign.

IV. *Education: I. The Fetich of it.*—Not long ago one of the best of the representatives of "Labour" expressed himself with engaging naïveté as profoundly surprised and grieved that fifty years of extended education had not developed reasoning faculties in a greater degree. The evidences of educational fetich-worship are endless, and we may have to notice a few more of them; but there can hardly be one more decisive than this. Education (no matter of what kind it be) in any of the usual senses can "develop" nothing that is not there already, and can rather doubtfully develop some things that are. Indeed, complete "letting alone"—if it were possible—would probably be the best "developer" of the peculiar kind desiderated by the Right (and, one believes, Really) Honourable gentleman referred to. If

you let the child alone and he burns himself, he will, unless he is an utter idiot, almost certainly dread the fire: that result is by no means so certain to follow if you indoctrinate him with theories of combustion and of lesion of the epidermis.

As a matter of fact, the present writer, if he has not known so many cities as some may have done, has probably known as fair a proportion and selection of men's manners and minds as most people. He has, as observed elsewhere, had very extensive and peculiar knowledge of education. And among the least rationally developed of all his acquaintances he would count some whose education—literary or scientific or both—would stand the severest tests, outside of results in rationality. Some other results of experiences in this subject may be dealt with later on.

V. "*Little Odds and Ends.*"—I do not know anything personally of Dr. Murray, Independent M.P. for the Western Islands. In the "aibstract" I should suspect those Hebrid Isles of hankering

after strange shepherds, and "Independent" M.P.'s are apt to be neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor the other thing, so abundant in its native state about the Isles themselves. But I hope Dr. Murray will be more sincerely obliged to me for thinking him a very sensible fellow than Mr. Winkle, Senior, was to Mr. Benjamin Allen for thinking *him* one. In the spring of this year Dr. Murray, disapproving one of the usual insensate abolitions for the sake of abolishing, declared that he "rather liked these little odds and ends."

The particular "odd-and-end"—a small special wine-duty which, belonging of old to the University of Oxford and more recently transferred to the city thereof, it was proposed to compound out of existence—was, no doubt, a matter of small importance, though an interesting case might (as nearly always happens) be made out historically for its retention. But Dr. Murray, intentionally or not, made this case immensely stronger by *grouping* it—by advocating "these little odds and ends" in a body.

The fact is that if it be too much to say that life is made tolerable only by its little odds and ends, they add amazingly to its value and delectation. Uniformity, equality, standardisation, exceptionless rule—all these things are simply sources of boredom and disgust. How infinitely more cheerful were our law reports when there were Serjeants who could be addressed as "brothers," and when Barons as well as Justices sat on the Bench! How much prettier the map of Scotland looked when the county of Cromarty was in fourteen (or was it four and forty?) fragments, dotted about Inverness and Ross-shires! I think schoolboys must have enjoyed the old scattered Saint's-Day holidays infinitely more than the modern solid blocks. In a village where I once lived there was a penny dole for any one who went to church. The "quality" were, of course, supposed not to take it, but its existence, even with the profit left to some one else, made one almost as convinced a Sabbatarian as Mrs. Proudie, though in a different way. I

have never rejoiced in any cheque (values being equal) so much as in the paper packets of notes and five-franc pieces which one used to receive quarterly at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, or the smaller weekly twists of sovereigns and shillings coming from a paper too bankrupt to have a bank account. What meals were ever more delightful than those "perquisite" suppers which in some old-fashioned city offices used to be available on certain overtime nights for some, at any rate, of the staff, and which they could (to a decent extent) share with visitors? Putting base pecuniary considerations apart, I think I would rather have been a Canon of Middleham or a Dean of Bocking than have enjoyed any less exceptional preferment of equal or even higher rank. But when an obliging gentleman in the Register House at Edinburgh, to whom I paid certain sums for my patent as Regius Professor, told me that I thereby acquired the privilege of being "a member of the Civil Service *without medical examination*," I felt, of course, that these

"little odds and ends" have a special charm. Perhaps this warranty from disease by signature under Privy Seal is, or was, the last survival of Royal "touching"!

VI.

Titles and Personages for Some Imaginary Conversations.

1. *Ob Cives Servatos* (modern style).

Governor Eyre, Sir Bartle Frere, General Dyer.

2. *When the Columns have ceased conceding.*

(Martin Tupper, Sir Lewis Morris, and ?). (Politeness and a wish to please readers combine in leaving the choice of a contemporary representative of mediocre poetry or poetastry to *them*.)

3. Of Backing *from* your friends.

A Catalan (early eighteenth century), a Vendéan (late do.), an English South

African (nineteenth), a Southern Unionist (twentieth).

4. *Par divers moyens on arrive à pareille fin.*

A Robber Baron. A Buccaneer.

A Company Promoter. A Labour Leader.

5. Claims for prize of most mischief-making, lodged and supported by the following words:

Seniors: Right, Justice, Liberty.

Juniors: Social Progress, Collective Bargaining, Self-Determination.

VII. *Criticism: I. Its Infinity.*—Some little time ago, the present writer was made amused, and thereby grateful (there is nothing that one's own sex can give one for which one is more grateful than amusement, though that is not quite the case with the other), by a critic on criticism—a kind of writing usually thought likely (as I freely and feelingly here acknowledge) to produce boredom rather than pleasure. It was a very enthusiastic critic, indeed—again, in the

circumstances, a rather unusual thing. The enthusiasm, and some of the utterances it inspired, did indeed sometimes suggest irony; but, on the whole, ironical intention seemed unlikely. Even a babe of the tribe of Swift would hardly, as this enthusiast did, let slip unmistakable evidence that when he agreed with his author that author was, to him, practically infallible, but that when he did not the infallibility became, to him, distressingly fallible.

However, it was not the details that amused me. It was such expressions as, "If only certain critics had been able to read it, and so been taught to appreciate the genius they misunderstood," as "after gently showing literary critics how they should do their business" (this *looked* most like irony), but, above all, as the assignment of "assured *finality*" to at least one critical attempt. For these utterances taken together—the last, indeed, almost taken alone—indicated a hopelessly wrong view of criticism itself. There can be no "finality" in criticism, except, perhaps,

in the case of our old friend the "Last Man"; and it would not be final then, unless it were the very last thing he did before his extinction or translation, or whatever it was or will be. The idea of criticism as something positive and positively attainable and ascertainable, once for all—like the quotient of a sum, the conclusion of a syllogism, or the cast of a death-mask—is a mere delusion. *Criticism is the result of the reaction of the processes of one mind on the products of another*, or, to put it more popularly, it tells us how something looks to or "strikes" somebody. As no two minds, deserving the name of minds at all, are alike—the Hand taking its handfuls from the same boxes, but from such a number of them and in such different quantities as It pleases—the results can never be the same, and no particular result can ever be set down as "final," "standard," or anything of the sort. There are, of course, all sorts of different values in criticism, or rather, to tell a plainer truth,[1] there

[1] The word "values" having become rather "messed about."

are minds which have been made critical and minds which have not; and of the former some may perhaps learn points of critical *method* from good exemplars of it; others may have their attention called to things not distinctly noticed; here, no doubt, as everywhere, good accomplished art is wholesome, as well as delightful, for others besides the artist.

The notion of there being somewhere a perfect, final, ideal "criticism" of this or that author is perhaps too generous and amiable to be spoken of severely or sneeringly, but is itself absolutely uncritical, and, if entertained, is likely to blunt and stunt the critical faculty of the entertainer.

Criticism—I mean written and printed critical estimate—should be regarded to some extent as we regard a gallery of pictures. There is concerned in each picture the subject, the artist, and the art which brings them together; and there are interests connected with each and all of the three—interests of enjoyment, interests of

fresh criticism for one's self—many other kinds of interest. But to talk of a "final" criticism, not merely of Shakespeare but of Corneille, not merely of Shelley but of Collins, is like talking of a "final" portrait of Lady Somebody or a "final" landscape of Mount Something. *This* "merry world"—and there is none merrier if you inhabit the right one—is, like the other, "round, And you may sail for evermore."

VIII. *Coenae Deum—et aliorum.*—That difficulty of making the best of both worlds, which is the real riddle of the painful earth, perhaps nowhere manifests itself more than in adjusting the hours of sleep and non-sleep. There is, of course, a certain amount of truth in the advice about "early to bed and early to rise," though I am bound to say that the particular advantages promised by the proverb do not, either in my own experience or in my observation of others, invariably follow. If I could, I should always like to get up early—I was never able, even when

I was doing night newspaper work, to stay in bed after eight o'clock without discomfort—and not go to bed till about two. In Germany's innocent days they used to say—

> Von Elf bis Zweit
> Ist des Diebes Zeit;

from which it would follow that one ought to sit up during those hours in order to accommodate the thief in a proper fashion. Besides, there is a peculiar charm about the hours themselves. One never does such good head-work (though perhaps one may pay for it afterwards) as in them. They are, though less than they used to be (owing partly to the abominable growth of automobiliousness), almost quiet, and the night is never more "huge and thoughtful."[1] But not every constitution will stand an eighteen-hours' day.

And this is a somewhat roundabout approach to a not extensive note-structure. Its intention is

[1] About *three* a sort of stir comes in—portending pangs of dawn-birth, as it were.

to extol the Evening Meal (*coena*, of course, was not originally, if it was ever, an evening meal, but we moderns have, not perhaps so foolishly as we have done some other things, made it so) and to glance at some memorable examples of it.

Breakfast is imperative, and nothing should be done before it. I have walked and worked in defiance of this rule, and found both exertions mischievous. Lunch is more facultative, though I never could do without it myself. But dinner is dinner, a meal at which not so much to eat—it becomes difficult to eat much at it as you grow older—as to drink, to talk, to flirt, to discuss, to rejoice "at the closing of the day." I do not think anything serious should be done after it, as nothing should before breakfast.

It, that is to say the evening meal, need not always be a matter of special dress and abundant linen; indeed, "company" meats and drinks may, at a pinch, be absent. I remember a most satisfactory one in a rough hut on the roof of Northern England, with certain excellent lead-

miners for hosts, unlimited cakes and eggs and bacon for viands, and afterwards a thing like a gigantic dinner-wagon, on the top shelf of which I and my friend slept, while the masters of the house took the lower. The *posis* or drink—in this case only the very poor creature, tea—was made by the simple process of putting about a table-spoonful of leaves in each man's bowl, pouring boiling water thereon, and adding sugar and milk at discretion. Nor have I ever been sure since that the pot is not a superfluity. The had-beens on the occasion were of some interest, and the might-have-beens (if we had not hit the hut) would pretty certainly have put us in all the newspapers for a day or two. For our hosts told us that, in a dark night on a pathless moor, we were walking straight for a perpendicular " scar " with a drop of some hundred feet to a river below.

And the actual antecedents were not so very much less spectacular. We had been walking all day in the remotest of countries, the last land-mark, before the final bit of moor, being a set of

stepping-stones across a goodish-sized "beck." We hit these off all right, but when we got there the beck was in spate, and running a good foot or more over the stones. Now whosoever of my possible readers has experienced these conditions will admit that they are not ideal. You can't see the stones for the Guinness-coloured foam; the stream, up to, if not above your knees, does not make the shots at them and the balance upon them any surer; and if you do slip between them, the consequences are likely to be, in more ways than one, unpleasant.

I suppose some of the other places "had work for me" (as the ballad says of Dragut), for I "got safe to shore"; but my companion just failed, and though with some help he managed to land, the beck had his boots and socks, which we had stripped off in order to wade. We had slippers in our knapsacks; but slippers are anything but suitable cothurns for the heather-mixture (with stones and gravel) of the kind of place where Westmorland and Durham and York-

shire meet, so that his progress to the mining Hut of Salvation was not beatific. But it was good if piquant sauce for that Evening Meal, call it, as you like, tea-dinner, or high-tea, or the mysterious term which I only know from Borrow, " boxing Harry."

Another late meal, with some curious resemblances and differences, happened about ten or a dozen years after, when I was living in the north of Scotland, and, again with a companion, was again trying a very out-of-the-way walk of considerable length, from the upper Findhorn to Loch Ness. We could count on no guidance (it was in May) except that of possible shepherds (only one of whom ever turned up, and that too early to be of much use) and a reputed burn, most appropriately termed Alt-na-Gallagach or Gealgach (I " have " no Gaelic), which name I understand to signify " Burn of the Deceivers," and to be, curiously enough, rather common in the Highlands. It was as dry a spring as in the other case it had been a wet autumn ; and the

peat-hags were like monstrous and irregular imitations of a cake one sometimes sees in the shops—hollows studded with tumps or teeth of more or less solid turf sticking up all over them. To go round each as it came would have made an already long walk Heaven knows how much longer, so the only thing was to hop or jump from tump to tump. Once more my guardian angel, or somebody else, brought me through, but my companion slipped and sprained his ankle rather badly. However, with much ado we got down after dark to the hotel at Foyers, and ordered a meal as prompt and as copious as possible. Against the copiousness (when it came) or the goodness, in a simple fashion, there was nothing to say; but the promptitude! It is only fair to admit that it was utterly out of the season; there was not a visible guest in the house but ourselves, and probably next to no staff. But the next-to-no staff conducted itself on principles pretty exactly described in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, when Dickens and his friend went to

dine at the *Téméraire* in Brighton. We had, of course, requested beer *instanter*, and with no regard to other things. The door opened—we were (both dog-tired and my friend with the additional excuse of his ankle) reclining on sofas in a desert of coffee-room. We started up, each right hand expecting a tankard. But it was only table-gear, and a mere instalment of that—a mustard-pot or a bread-platter or—most insulting of all—a water-carafe. We said, as sweetly as possible, "Let us have that beer, *please*," and lay back. Again and again this happened, till at last (at least so my friend said) I bellowed, "WILL YOU BRING THAT BEER?" in a voice that made him shriek with laughter. And it came—the food after it; and once more we slaked the desire of food and drink in what Hesperus brought us after pains and—in a mild way—perils.

The third was a lonely but not very dissimilar experience. I had been walking round that queerest of queer places, the neighbourhood of

the Roman Steps, in the Hinterland of Barmouth, with the intention of continuing across the moor to Trawsfynydd. But finding it impossible to ascertain the way thither from an exceedingly amiable but entirely monoglot Welshwoman, who seemed to be the only living being in that universe, and the day shortening, I made down the valley for Harlech, not by the way I had come, got off the path somehow, and found myself, after dark, in one of those agreeable chess-boards of boulders and heather in which the betting is rather in favour of breaking your leg. (I know a still worse one—for the stone is more slippery —on one side of Yestor or Cawsand, I am not sure which.) Therefore it seemed to me that, as Aristotle saith, "the *phronimos* would decide" to stand still and shout "Hullo!"[1] Luckily, a boy who had been on an errand up to some moor-farm heard this S.O.S., extricated me, and

[1] When did the utterly un-English "H*e*llo!" come in? "H*u*ll," generally with "o," and "H*a*ll," most commonly with "oo," are classic; there is warrant even for "h*i*ll," with "y-ho," while the verb "hollow" or "holla" is all right. But what on earth do we want with "H*e*ll-"?

showed me the way down. And when, afterwards, I was eating *this* evening meal, a man of Harlech flavoured it with many anecdotes of the appalling experiences of waifs and strays on the mountain.

Now motorists, and even cyclists, never get such sauce to their suppers, or delicacies to their dinners, as fell to my lot in these three cases. Not that the *other* kind, the kind without precedent storm and stress, is to be pooh-poohed—very much the contrary. Kind*s* rather—for of the regulation or domestic dinner after the work or the worry of the day the varieties are, of course, infinite. The *tête-à-tête* at its own best is equally, of course, the best of all, as it always is, whether bi- or mono-sexual. But three *are* company, and very good company too, with food and drink to occupy their hands. In fact, next to the perfect *tête-à-tête* of a man and a (not necessarily) maid comes the feast of a man and two ladies.[1]

[1] The rather uncommon *litre* or imperial quart of champagne fits this ideally. A magnum sometimes succeeds admirably, but is subject to problems.

One of a lady and two men, not both nearly related to her, might possibly be Lapithaean; but three men at one table can have a glorious time, and the number may be increased to some half-dozen (a *large* men's dinner, unless it is broken up into coteries, is apt to be a rather dismal thing), with fair prospect of the glory not departing soon or—in memory—ever.

Of mixed dinners of the ordinary festal kind, the best of all is a special gift of God; and the fact that it is hardly possible under the modern limitation to half a dozen or so—good as this may sometimes be—is rather against such limitation, though certainly the chances are heavy against the "best of all." It comes when you happen to sit next Theodora or Dorothea—whether yourself or another takes her down does not matter, for *this* marriage is recklessly indifferent between assignment and capture—and she recognises (it nearly always happens immediately) that you are Dorotheus or Theodorus.

You eat and drink other things, no doubt; but, as in the case of Mr. David Copperfield, you consume chiefly *her*. When she is gone, you drink her and think of her still; and at last, when you get into the drawing-room, you make straight for her. Your hostess very likely comes up and says, "You two are behaving disgracefully," but you both remember Heine—

> Wir Beide bekümmern uns um Nichts,

though you can't fully imitate the absorption of his pair in each other. And then you both go away, having had the triple blessing of Ceres and Bacchus *and* Venus. Perhaps you meet again "for good," perhaps only for a more or less agreeable friendship, but never again thus; perhaps never at all. And which of these things is the better business is unknown, except to God, as goes one of the greatest of all sayings and one of the most constant and repeated in some folks' minds and memories.

IX. *Names of Racehorses.*—It will be remembered by the lovers (I hope many) of Henry Kingsley's *Ravenshoe* that he protested against the absurdity of racing nomenclature. "Allow Me," "Ask Mamma," and "Pam's Mixture" were his examples—foolish, doubtless, but not extravagant. (I *did* once myself name a filly for my school-fellow the late Mr. Leopold de Rothschild; but the name, Hippolyta, was, as the twentieth century will at once say, too "obvious," and she never, I think, came to anything.) Just about Derby time this year there were bitter complaints about an animal called "Suryakumari." I do not know whether she was too much for the "ring," but if so they must be degenerate. In the early 'sixties I happened to be, on a solitary walking tour, at a Salisbury hotel. Somebody, who had, I suppose, done duty in the Crimea,[1] had baptized a beast by the name of Baktchiserai.

[1] We *had* some wars in those days, my dear young friends, and there were places called Inkerman and Lucknow, though it was astonishingly difficult to make people who had been there talk of them.

The coffee-room was full of racing people, but *they* had no difficulty. "Back-kitchen Sarah," reverberated cheerfully. In the later case "Mary" is there beforehand, and I will not insult intelligence by suggesting transliterations for the rest.

X. *Wordsworth and the Pussyfoots.*—If the Pussyfoots were not such noxious and obnoxious creatures themselves, they would provide—indeed they do, as it is—a certain amount of innocent amusement for the people of God. Take their production of Wordsworth as an *instantia contradictoria* to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's absolutely impregnable assertion of the historical connection of liquor and literature. For everybody who is up in Wordsworthian lore and liquids knows the tradition, supported by his own evidence, that Wordsworth at Cambridge *was* once actually drunk. And it has always been the habit of the profane to mourn the impossibility of having been present on that occasion and of

observing the demeanour of the bard. Therefore, in the first place, the claim is subject to demur in itself. But it is even more fertile of fun in another respect. For it illustrates the fact—already well known to the observers of their ways—that it is not drunkenness, but what is in the true sense temperance—not the sot, but the sensible drinker—that Pussyfoots hate. They rather like the drunkard—he is useful as a Helot. They resist proposals to make him, as such, more uncomfortable than at present. They are proof against the fact—*a priori* almost demonstrable, and hideously demonstrated *a posteriori*—that Prohibition will multiply his numbers and aggravate his condition. "Never mind the drunkard," is their line, "except as a lantern-slide. Let us go for the ruffians who drink and are not drunk, who have the impudence to take the gifts of God and thank the Giver."

XI. *Politics: I. Toryism.*—There lies open before me, with inside end-paper and flyleaf

exposed, a small volume inscribed as follows in a very comely hand, names only blanked :

To ——— ———

One of two Tories left in England,
from the other,

January 1892.

" The other " is, alas! dead, and " the one " (whose hand is *not* comely) probably has not long to live, so that unless some recruits have sprung up in the last thirty years, Toryism would seem, on the authority of this document, to be in a rather bad way. If I remember rightly, Victor Hugo, in *his* Victorian manner, announced once, *je serai celui-là!* in the case of its coming to a definitely last man of another (quite other) sort of political creed, and seemed rather to enjoy the prospect. I am afraid I should not possess μεγαλοψυχία of that kind to that extent if I were in the case above suggested.

For it would not only be a great pity, from various minor points of view, but would show, rather uncomfortably, that the human brain is returning rapidly to that ape-stage in which some of us still don't believe. (Everything that I have ever seen of or read about monkeys inclines me to believe that there is pretty complete democracy among them.) Toryism—however contrary this may go to Radical chatter about it—is at least a political creed which can stand the tests of rational examination of the physical and historical *facts* of life. It rests, in the first place, on the recognition of the facts that all men and women are born *un*equal; that no men or women are born free (if one could play the hackneyed "time-reversal" game it would be cruelly amusing to catch a future democrat at his birth, leave him entirely free from all interference, and see what happened to him); and that if you leave two healthy brothers or sisters alone together they will frequently, if not continually, fight. In the

second, being well acquainted with history, it knows that all attempts to establish Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity have failed more or less disastrously and disgustingly, whatever *camouflage* of success they may have kept up; while acceptance and judicious regulation of the contraries have always (barring the faults of individuals, or more rarely of systems) done well. For the sentimental pleas of Socialist Democracy, it has the answer of Religious Charity. For the arithmetical plausibility of "share and share alike," it has the irresistible replies in kind that the "alikeness" will not last a year, a month, a week, a day, nay, not an hour, and that in a very short time there will be nothing to share afresh. "Why should there be kings?" Because there always *are* kings—whether by Divine Right, as in some cases, or by Diabolic Selection, as in others. "Why should there be peers?" Because you want in all, or nearly all, cases some court of political appeal; and when your first line of government is elective, there should

clearly be a second with which direct popular election has as little to do as possible. Now the hereditary principle supplies this, as it also does in the case of kingship, better, by all experience, than anything else.

Behind all this, and any amount more which anybody can have who wants it, there is the vague-seeming but rationally impregnable background-argument, provided once more by age-long experience, that change is rarely for the better, and that continual change, for the sake of changing, will certainly sometimes, and probably often, be for the worse. The goods you have are real, and the ills, in all probability and experience, to a large extent imaginary—certainly bearable in that they have been borne. The goods that are to come may, and by experience to a large extent will, be imaginary, and the ills very real indeed. Nothing has been said here—purposely nothing—of the non-practical side of Toryism; which is, of course, giving away masses of weight. Some of the more generous

iconoclasts themselves admit the beauty of the icons they would destroy. For my part, their own ideals seem to me more hideously ugly and uninteresting the more they elaborate them. Put away all thought of the crime and agony which would have to be gone through in order to bring about the Socialist Utopia; get it somehow brought about by fairy agency; could there, even then, be anything more loathsome than one wide waste of proletariat-Cocqcigrue comfort; everybody as good as the President; everybody as "well educated" as everybody else; everybody stationed, rationed, regulated by some kind of abstract "State"—as equal, and really about as free, as pigs in a sty, and not much better deserving the name of man, or the manly chances of position, possession, genius, ancestry, and all that differentiates us from brutes?

If any one says, "But you have no business to assume that there is no *via media* between this and Toryism," history and not I shall answer him. Whiggery, Liberalism, Moderate Radi-

calism—all have failed more or less: the only reason why, in this or that case, they have not failed utterly, or have held out for a long time, being that they have not been "extreme," that the remnant of the principles of Toryism itself—Inequality, Individualism, Heredity, Property, etc.—which they have retained, has kept them alive.

XII. *A Seashore Story.*—Once upon a time, there was an extremely wicked man who did not believe in Science with a large S, though he quite acknowledged the importance and usefulness of divers sciences with a small; and perhaps knew a little about some of them. He happened to be taking a walk about a part of the coast of the island in which he lived. In one of the bays certain small pebbles or shingle were said to occur which did not correspond to any rock in the immediate vicinity. But Science was quite sure that they came from another part of the coast at some distance—travelling to the place where they were found by this or that set of

winds and tides. As the wicked man looked at and handled these nice little pebbles, it occurred to him—the instigator being clearly something like that Devil in whom Science generally doesn't believe—that he would have a game with Science. So he filled his pockets and part of his knapsack with the pebblets and went off to another bay several miles distant, quite out of the way of any probable set of those winds and tides, and scattered them carefully just above ordinary high-water mark on the beach. Of course the next storm might, and probably would, sweep them away. But in any case, the fact of their being there, if only for five minutes, "gave something to think" about the methods and arguments, and especially the assumptions, of Science.

Of course, again, the wicked man knew all about a certain story as to shells and the Alps and pilgrims; and though that was in more senses than one "*another* story," it may have put his wickedness in his head. But that is beside the matter. Only, to round the thing off, let it

be mentioned that sometime afterwards he told his wickedness to a friend who *did* believe in Science. "You *don't* mean to say you did that?" quoth the friend in pious horror. Yet perhaps the action is worth relating, if only to make a few think twice about accepting the dicta of Herr von Goethe's Jarno and the Reverend Charles Kingsley's Dean Winnstay as to the rocks "telling no lies." Not that the rocks tell any lies at all themselves, but that they may possibly be made to tell them by folks who insert all sorts of unproved premisses among their evidence. Also one may think of it when one hears of a new "further back" human ancestor being discovered on the strength of a tooth, which may, it seems after all, be that not of anything anthropoid, but of a "primitive bear." Yet it cannot be said that there is nothing of the primitive bear in man: and so we come round again.

XIII. *Green Tea in Punch.*—One of the numerous amiable reviewers of my *Notes on a*

Cellar-Book was a little grieved because I did not include "made" green tea in a receipt which I gave for punch. I need not say that I was perfectly well acquainted with that prescription, in more forms than one or two. But I do not "hold with" it, as the old lady said she did not with curates. In the first place—and indeed this might be the last also, for everything else is superfluous—I think it spoils the punch. But there is more against it, for it is obviously founded on a faulty theory. Green tea (according to the strictest sect, in combination with a wet towel round the forehead) is supposed to sober you after you have drunk too much. Therefore, taken in combination with drink, it will, even without a wet towel, prevent your drinking too much, or at least enable you to drink more before the "too much" is reached.

But part, if not all, of this argument seems to me, after much thought, some observation, and a little experiment, to be unsound in logic, ethics, and fact. Green tea (though I confess

that by itself with sugar—it is the only tea that *should* be sugared—I rather like it) is notoriously bad for the nerves. The wet towel (it is true the green-tea-*in*-punch advocates do not insist on this adjunct) is much more conducive to neuralgia than to sobriety. And I doubt whether the plan of pitting certain qualities of the tea against certain others of the spirit, and expecting thereby to get the benefit of both and the mischief of neither, is at all sound hygienically or logically. I remember too well the French *fabliau* of the ugly but wise knight, who married a pretty but foolish girl on this same principle, and was rewarded by an offspring as plain as its papa and as silly as its mother.

Besides, as I ventured to point out in my little book itself, you don't want either to stimulate drinking beforehand or to facilitate excess in it afterwards. You want every good person to have as much good liquor as is good for him, and as he really desires and can enjoy. You don't want Nature to be expelled with the fork

of Prohibition, but you also don't want her to be tricked and outwitted with counter-irritants. More particularly so, because it is even more certain than that she will "recur" in the former case, that you, and not she, will be the tricked and outwitted one in the latter.

All which implies not the slightest ill-temper with my reviewer. He was merely repeating a traditional formula which has been respected by many of our fathers before us, partly *as* a tradition (and tradition is more often right than wrong, just as innovation is more often wrong than right), partly from what seemed to them good reasons. And it is better even to drink green-tea punch than none. And there is much too little punch of any kind drunk now. So let us end as friends with all — except Pussyfoots.

XIV. *Little Necrologies: I. Andrew Lang.*— There is no such Greek word as νεκρολογία, I fear; but neither is there any such Latin one—

classical or early post-classical at least—as *obituarium*, and "necrology" is much prettier than "obituary." Of these little tributes to friends in life and comrades in letters, two, as acknowledged in Preface, have appeared before; the others are, as yet, unpublished. If any one, knowing Lang's strong adherence to the dislike shown by many of the best men for biographies, asks me why I, even in miniature, neglect it, let me point out that there is nothing or very little "biographical," except as regards literary "life," in any of these notices. They are, as it were, criticisms a little vivified by personal touches. And I have the warrant of a spontaneous utterance by some one who knew Lang himself, even better than I did, in reference to this very paper: "Ah! he wouldn't have disliked what *you* have written." Nor do I think Dobson would. In Henley's case I have almost confined myself to one episode of his career, the details of which nobody now living, to the best of my belief, knows as well as I do. And as for Traill, he is one

of the rare persons—he was rare in more ways than one—about whom far too little has been written at all. Marry! there is no lack of those about whom there has been written too much!

I never knew Lang when we were both undergraduates, nor, though we certainly had common acquaintances, do I remember hearing him spoken of. In fact, as one of the greatest of undergraduates observes, it may be "reckoned a remarkable thing" that in nearly fifty years I never met him in Oxford till the Merton gaudy of 1911. He was my elder by eighteen months, but my junior at Oxford by nearly as much, for I went up rather early and he very late. And he was not elected Fellow at Merton till the last year of my Postmastership had expired, and I had gone down for good. Nor for the next five years was I at all in Oxford or much in England. As soon, however, as he began to write in the *Dark Blue*, in the *Academy*, and as author of *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France*, I could not fail

to hear of him, especially as our lines of reading (I had myself written nothing as yet) were curiously similar.

In 1873, going up to take my Master's Degree, and staying with the Creightons, I found my host and hostess one morning at breakfast reading a letter from Lang (who was then in Switzerland or on the Riviera, I forget which) and speculating whether he would or would not manage a reprieve from the sentence that had been passed on his lungs. As every one knows now, the reprieve was granted to an extent unusually "indefinite," as the grim French saying has it, for it covered forty years, and the lungs were not to blame at last.

Still, there was no actual acquaintance between us for some time longer; and then I owed it, as I suspect a vast number of other people did, to an act of kindness on his part. The pack of lame dogs whom Lang helped over stiles will make a considerable and perhaps not inconvenient company for him on the Day of Judgment. I was

a very lame dog indeed at that moment; for I had found schoolmastering (to adapt an old "Shooting Star" pun) not only not at all dear to me, but exceedingly expensive; and was, as usual, fleeing to the Press (where Lang was already pretty well established) for refuge. Creighton was once more the Galeotto. Lang had (with that frankness which, I think, made one like him quite as much as any other quality) previously declined to introduce me to Spencer Baynes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, because, as he observed, "he'll want to do all the things that I want to do." But it was he who put me on that quaintest, but while it lasted by no means least profitable, of periodicals, *London*,[1] to which, though he never wrote much except fascicles of delightful verses, some of them never reprinted, he, Stevenson, Henley, and myself were at one time, I think, almost the only contributors. He introduced me to Frank Hill of the *Daily News*, where I first obtained a regular if not extensive

[1] *V. inf.* on Henley.

income by writing non-political articles under a conscience clause which I think rather annoyed Robinson the manager; and it was he who, by transferring to me Lenient's book on French Satire, made my first connection with the *Saturday Review*. Which things, though they may be very unimportant to the public, are not forgettable by the recipient of the benefits, and perhaps not impertinent here.

They gave me at any rate some right to write this article, for during the next twenty or nearly twenty years few people, I think, saw more of Lang than I did. During full seven of these we used to walk home together, some three times a week, from Fleet Street to Kensington; and when, after a short interval, I became sub-editor of the *Saturday*, much the same sort of thing used to take place, though less frequently. Besides, independently of our own houses, we met constantly at the Savile, at the Rabelais Club dinners from 1880 to 1888, and elsewhere. Among other results of this frequentation I became

better instructed than perhaps anybody else as to that remarkable chain or cycle of "crazes" for which he was famous. It began with Homer; and in a sense this never ceased, for, as is well known, he took it up again not long before his death; but there were many others. Folk-lore was nearly as permanent a mistress as Homeric study; he had begun it, I think, by much reading of magical books in his student days at St. Andrews. But I own that I heard him on this particular subject (except the magical part) not very gladly. Molière for a time, and a long time, was another; but this he exhausted or wearied of, and there were many more. He never, like Sainte-Beuve, loved mediocrities; but he had quite a Gautieresque fondness for *Les Oubliés et les Dédaignés*, and Prowse, *alias* "Nicholas," John Hamilton Reynolds, and a few others, survive in his reprinted work as specimens of an almost innumerable company. It was later, and when, having myself moved to Scotland, I only saw him on my rare visits to

London, or by means of his pretty usual calls on me in Edinburgh on his way to or from St. Andrews, that this "craze"-habit directed itself to historic problems, though the Molière fancy had set him earlier on the Man with the Iron Mask. As for *Pickle the Spy* and all the other ramifications of his general research into Scottish history, I have always thought it rather disastrous that his great popularity, both with the public and the publishers, led him to treat these matters in book-form rather than in essays. As the latter they would have been invariably delightful —readable and re-readable, as one reads Macaulay or Carlyle, if not Lamb or Hazlitt. As books, to speak frankly (and I think I may do so), they sometimes approached boredom and almost always struck one as out of proportion.

It required, however, a singular conspiracy of bad fairies (indignant, doubtless, at the way in which he had shown them up and glorified their good sisters) to infuse this quality into anything that Lang wrote. His more extensive

prose fiction, though perhaps not up to his mark in other ways, was often such as no one else could have written, especially in *The Mark of Cain* earlier and *The Disentanglers* later. But I have always thought his verse inconceivably underrated, even more so than the verse of very abundant and miscellaneous writers in prose is wont to be. It ought to be collected; for the volumes which contain it are numerous, and he had the bad though natural habit of reprinting with additions and omissions which "confuse the issue" in a non-legal sense, while he sometimes never reprinted or even never printed at all. Was *The Castle of the Seven Deadly Sins* a real thing? or was it as the *Life of Joseph Sell*, or even as that wondrous legend of "The Butler" which was bandied about between Southey and Grosvenor Bedford?[1] He used to talk of it as having been written in or before his Oxford days in the crimsonest and yellowest of Pre-Raphaelite

[1] A relation and confidante of his told me, after this notice was first published, that it did exist, but was not of any great length.

colours. But when I asked for a sample, it was unattainable, being sometimes spoken of as destroyed. The *Ballads and Lyrics of Old France* he gave me very early, with a loose manuscript leaf containing a version (with variants) of "Light has Flown" and another "Last Translation," which I do not think was ever printed. *Helen of Troy* I never loved to distraction; for who can write at length of Helen? Even Homer only gave us priceless fragments; and Tennyson never showed his unmatched combination of poetry and criticism better than by confining his presentation of her to twelve lines, themselves divinely fair.[1] But there is splendid verse in it; and as for the best of the smaller things, they are poetry *sans phrase*. "A Dream" and the great Burnaby sonnet, and above all that exquisite *Ballade of His Choice of a Sepulchre*—these poems show what a poet he was when he wrote them; what he might have been always

[1] Marlowe's passage on her has indeed five of the greatest lines in poetry, but is short as a whole, and not, in the rest, very wonderful.

had he chosen and been able to make the necessary sacrifice, and be a poet only.

If he had done this he might have given higher pleasure to the few, now and in the future; but he would have given nothing like the enormous volume of it that he actually gave to his contemporaries for not much less than half a century. Long ago, in the time of his *Daily News* leaders, a lady, herself of no small distinction in letters, and daughter of one of the greatest of Victorians, is said to have declared that when her husband had gone to his office in the morning, these leaders were her only pleasure in life. This, perhaps, was rather lyrical, but it was true, in a more prosaic and diffused sense, of a vast number of persons for a very long series of years. To turn the pages of a newspaper or a review or a magazine and come upon something of Lang's (signed or not, it was all the same to the initiated) had a most curious effect of stimulation and refreshment. The ease, the wit *and* humour (for he had that rare combination), the versatility,

the reading, the taste, and half a dozen other good qualities, made an entirely unmatched blend. A good deal of its singular power to delight was no doubt due to the fact that the author himself almost invariably took pleasure in his own work. He very soon proved himself so valuable to editors that nobody thought of imposing mere grind upon him; and he very seldom worked against the grain. Indeed his own grain was of such a variegated and manifold texture that it would puzzle the veriest "beast of a subject" to get across or against it. Most of those who have dealt with him have touched, and perhaps it is necessary so to touch, on the parrot cries of "amateurishness," "dilettantism," and so forth, which were raised about him. The fact is that these were only uttered either by those who did not know half what he knew on any subject, or by those who thought they knew more on one, and were vexed because he followed not them. He was, and deliberately chose to be, oddly ignorant of some things, though this

ignorance was sometimes (not always) simulated; and writing as he did in the odder fashion to be presently noted, he might now and then make slips of pen or memory. But on anything that he took up seriously, his knowledge was minutely and almost meticulously accurate. And it was not a little amusing to observe how, in the rather acrimonious comments which his *History of Scotland* and its offshoots occasioned, objectors were nearly always in the long run reduced to mutter, or shout, that his conclusions were not in accordance with Scottish prejudices, and therefore must be wrong.

His extraordinary fertility has been almost as much of a byword as the matters just mentioned. It was no doubt partly due to sheer facility of composition. I have often sat opposite to him at the same table, writing leaders, and I was not myself a slow hand; but he had nearly always finished some quarter of an hour before me. And the amazing amount of his work (speaking not at random I should say it would,

if collected, fill nearer two than one hundred ordinary volumes of the "Every Gentleman's Library" kind) had other causes. One, and the most individual, was his absolute indifference to conditions and continuity of writing. Many people can turn out work freely enough if you give them a quiet room, uninterrupted concentration of thought, and the like. Most journalists learn to dispense even with the quiet room. But all times, places, and circumstances were alike to Lang; and he would turn into the pavilion, during the intervals or uninteresting parts of a cricket match, and begin, finish, or write some middle part of an article, on the corner of a table or the top of a locker, quite as comfortably as he would in his own study.

But, after all, the main reasons of the quantity of his work were the same as those of its quality—the extraordinary range and versatility of his mind; the fund of solid scholarship, with an immense superstructure of miscellaneous reading, which he possessed; and one peculiar gift

which I have never known to be enjoyed by any one else in equal measure. Whether Lang was what Dr. Johnson would have called "fundamentally original" may admit of some debate; but for spontaneous and unfailing originality in treatment of whatever subject might present itself, he certainly had no equal. Of the four most remarkable men of letters of my own generation whom I knew most intimately, and who now [1] navigate "the equal waters of the dead," one could find parallels for three. Stevenson was a sort of Maturin-Borrow, with a better temperament and a higher sense of art than either; Henley was a minor Johnson, a little damaged in some parts; Traill, the strongest of all, was a Swift who too often bound if not blinded himself at the mill with slaves. But Lang was only and always Lang; even the Thackerayan touches in him kept their own and his own nature.

On two subjects only he never talked and

[1] Written in 1912.

rarely wrote—strict party politics and, in the proper sense, religion. But on some of the results of the former he felt deeply, and wrote sometimes; while, if anybody thinks that he was only interested in religion in the "rascally *comparative*" sense as a Gifford Lecturer and a folklorist, let that person read, as I did on the day when Lang was being buried in the Cathedral Kirkyard of St. Andrews, the letter "From Piscator to Christian" in *Old Friends*. There will be no more to say then: neither is there now.

XV. *The Greek Anthology*.—The charms of the great collection of miscellaneous verse which goes under the general name of *the* Greek Anthology, but which is really an anthology of anthologies—selected, and combined, and re-selected through more than a thousand years—have been often—though never to be enough—celebrated by worthier pens than mine. It is doubtful whether any single book is, for mere pleasure of reading, better worth salving from

a classical library in danger of fire or the auctioneer. But there is one thing that has sometimes struck me, when taking it up for pastime, that the mania of the later Greek-writing folk for classification and ticketing has done not a little harm here. Even the *Erotica* would be more delightful in some cases, less un-delightful in others, if they turned up sporadically, each after a piece on Myron's cow or a not too successful epitaph, or the like, instead of being massed together like a *menu* entirely composed of "sweets." And some of the other sections (though they could not, as now, be skipped bodily) would be better as single spies than in battalions or even platoons. An *Anthology* thus reshuffled would have been one of the first books for me to get printed if I had been a millionaire, or could have got hold of one; and it would have been in several little volumes of large print, so as to avoid at once the cumbrousness of Jacobs and the blinding typography of the Tauchnitz.

XVI. *Education: II. Educableness.*—The subject of this note or articlet, though almost necessarily following the first on its subject, is not so much *cinis dolosus* as red-hot coals to walk upon; and I remember that, when I ventured on it in a little book of mine on Matthew Arnold some twenty years ago, the wrath of "educational experts" showed itself in a small volcano of flame and ash, hot water and lava. But it has become more burning in another sense since and cannot be neglected.

No honest, intelligent, and impartial person who has practical experience of education in sufficiently varied kinds can deny that the educable capacity of different boys and girls varies enormously. (The variety is, I think, rather less in girls than in boys, but this may have been due, up to very recent times, to the fact that girls, not getting so much education as a matter of course, have taken more interest in it and worked harder. The effects of the new combination of equality and privilege in their favour have yet to be seen.)

Few such persons, I think, unless they allow their honesty and impartiality, if not their intelligence, to be dominated by political or other influences, would assert that the educable capacity of the majority of children is high. There may be cases where some special subject will develop educableness where the general curriculum has failed; but they are fewer, I think, than is popularly supposed. The present ideal, therefore, of giving all the fifty millions intensive and identical education, from *Kindergarten* or even *crèche* to University Honours Schools, not only spells bankruptcy and other unpleasant things, of which a little more later, but involves the most enormous absurdity. You might as well attempt to train every four-legged donkey to Derby form, and subject every drop of currant or gooseberry juice to the elaborate processes which turn out champagne.

Undoubtedly it would be a pity if something that might yield a result comparable to '65 Krug or '93 Clicquot were allowed to fall on the

ground and be smashed into it. But of this, in the parallel case, there is not, and never has been, much fear. The "mute inglorious Miltons" are creatures of the poetic imagination not by any means free from *furor poeticus*. The Whewells and the Porsons are facts of yesterday, as were the proletarian bishops and doctors long ago. And neither then was it wanted, nor is it wanted now, to "force" Whewells and Porsons by the million or myriad. There is no use for them, and there *is* use of another sort for the less educable or almost non-educable myriads and millions who remain.

But of course something else "remains" here, and that is to consider the shocked and certain exclamation, "But you say nothing of the *right* to education. Did not an exalted ecclesiastic affirm the other day that every child had that right?" Well, one did; but, unfortunately, exalted ecclesiastics at present are too apt not to be quite as inspired as the Apostles from whom they officially derive.

The next of these educational notelets shall take this up.

XVII. *Misunderstandings (II.)*.—An example of misunderstanding occurs to me as I write, which can hardly be set down to the presence of politics and religion—the two subjects, as the satirist so justly observed, which require no study or teaching—and which everybody, therefore, is qualified to pronounce upon.[1] This new case is one of pure and plain English, and concerns so well-known a poem as Landor's "Rose Aylmer." Now there are some things to be said against Landor, but nobody worth attending to can accuse him of obscurity. And the words of this exquisite epicede are as clear as rock-water:

> Ah! what avails the sceptred race?
> Ah! what the form divine?
> What every virtue, every grace?
> Rose Aylmer—all were thine!

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[1] As when a distinguished Cambridge scientist the other day declared both to be "expressions of hysteria."

That is to say, Miss Aylmer possessed birth, beauty, goodness, and charm—but none of these—nor all together—prevailed or availed against Death. The three "whats" and the "all" combine and equalise the combination unmistakably. Yet one commentator, very careful, quite scholarly, well read, and possessed of intelligence which here at least should not be affected by any crotchet or prejudice, annotates the first two lines, "*i.e.* Neither kings nor gods have a monopoly of goodness or beauty." To unravel the intricacy of error which this interpretation involves would make a capital examination question. You must overvalue "sceptred" and undervalue "race." You must misunderstand and misapply "form," at the same time not perceiving that "divine" means, "god-*like*," not "god-*constituting*." You must conceal from yourself that the third "what" requires, demands, insists upon *another* "avail" or "avails" to be supplied; and you must thrust in a notion of "monopoly," of which there is no suggestion

whatever as regards goodness or beauty, though there *is* one that birth and beauty, like goodness and grace, have neither monopoly of, nor any command over, immortality. I used myself, at a very early age, to think that Tennyson's "Falser than all fancy fathoms" referred to lengths not standardised, "cheating ell-wands," as the same poet has it elsewhere. But, after all, this involved no misappreciation of the general *sense*, though it did mistake the methods by which the intensity of the falseness was to be measured. The annotation referred to confuses and upsets Landor's meaning altogether, and substitutes a merely irrelevant platitude for a pathetic statement of what is, indeed, a commonplace—but one of the *great* commonplaces—one of those which, by fresh and poignant form, as here, can be made equal, if not superior, to the most far-fetched preciousnesses. And the most curious thing is that in more than 200 pages of similar annotations on all sorts of subjects I have noticed no similar blunders. It

looks after all as if anxiety to say something unpleasant of kings and gods—neither of which classes, one may admit, were pets of Landor himself—had led his sympathising scholiast to misread him.

XVIII. *Miracle de Notre Dame d'Amours.*[1]—In a chamber of one of the homes of Venus (but whether it were at Cyprus or at Cythera, the Greek book sayeth not), the goddess and a Suppliant might, one afternoon, have been found. She was half-sitting, half-lying, on a couch, and playing with a peacock fan which her step-mother had given her—because they were on good terms at the time, and because the Samians did not know what to do with the feathers that year, there were so many, and perhaps because peacock feathers are held by some to be unlucky. He, though he had begun quite properly on his

[1] Written many years ago, and with no obligation to any one except, I suppose, Lord Beaconsfield. As a specimen of a great deal of matter burnt as not worth publishing, it may not please one reader in a hundred for itself; but their escape from the rest may reconcile the ninety and nine.

knees, was now striding about, gesticulating to the patient goddess in a very tiresome manner, and raising his voice most unpleasantly. But there is not a more good-natured divinity in the whole Pantheon than Aphrodite—the representation of her as spiteful and malignant is a late and shameful blasphemy, though it happens to be associated with at least one otherwise charming legend. Still, her kindness was severely tried by the man's ravings at a certain faithless love of his; and her politeness, in view of the length of them, had to be assisted by the peacock fan.

At last he paused for mere want of breath, and Venus could get a word in: "What do you want me to do, sir? I will not have the girl hurt in any way, for after all she has only strained our prerogatives a little. And remember also" —here the sweet face grew grave, "not merely that, as you know, the gods cannot recall their gifts, but, as you perhaps do *not* know, these gifts sometimes turn out strangely contrary to the askers' expectation."

But he paid no attention to the warning, and hardly looked at the beautiful, serious countenance that he was privileged to behold. "O Goddess," he said, "this is all I request. My rival is with her now, and is jealous. He will ask her if she has ever loved any one before. We all do." "Yes," said Venus, glad to find any point of agreement with her Suppliant, for whom she had taken a considerable dislike, "you all do it. I have observed that frequently in my own experience. But go on."

"When he asks this, I pray you, Goddess, let my initials (*he* knows them well!) appear in scarlet letters, so large as to be distinctly visible, and for so long as one may count ten, on her false flesh where I have kissed it. His eyes are sharp enough, and jealousy will sharpen them." The goddess (who disliked him more and more) curled her lips and shrugged her shoulders. "*I* should have called it more ingenious than gentlemanly," she said, "but doubtless you know best. What you ask comes

within the limits I gave you, and I do not refuse to grant it. But, once more, sir, I warn you to think of what I said before as to the way in which things may turn out."

The man, however, was too mad with spite and gloating expectation to pay any heed. He only cried, "Let it be done at once, O Alma, and let me see it done!" "So be it," she said, more gravely than ever; "the doom is on her—and on you." Then she touched him lightly with the peacock fan, and they found themselves (invisible, of course) in the damsel's chamber, where she was sitting very much as Venus had sat, and her lover was kneeling, but in a very different state of mind from that in which the Suppliant had knelt and risen. There was nothing noticeable about *him*; but the unconscious victim was very noticeable indeed, and Venus (who never need be, and is never, jealous) fell much in love with her. And her indignation was increased by seeing that the contrast of dark hair and pale complexion, and

the costume showing open throat and bare arms, made the suggested experiment specially dangerous. The goddess looked at her own companion in faint hopes of seeing some ruth as he looked on this fair flesh; but there was nothing save a hideous mixture of baffled desire, and rage, and ignoble triumph. "The man is a brute," she said to herself, "and he shall have brute's measure!"

Meanwhile things came quickly to the point that the Suppliant's cunning had foreseen. The question was put in his very words, and there certainly was nothing in it to disturb so old (though so young) a hand as this Dark and yet White Ladye. But in the few 100ths of a second in which she was choosing between one or other of the usual answers, she felt, to her horror, something like a blush of extraordinary ardour and extent rising. And then there broke over face and neck and arms a deep wave of crimson-scarlet, under the intolerable sense of which she had almost broken down. But she was a brave girl, and a clever one; and Venus was on her

side, and she was able to say, with only the proper tremble in her voice, "*How* can you ask me?" And her lover (a good creature and foolish) could do nothing but mumble the hand he held in her lap, and beg her pardon, and congratulate himself over and over on the sensitiveness and maiden modesty of his love. But it was perhaps as well that in kissing the hand his eyes were turned away from the face and neck. For as the long blush died away and gradually faded off, there were to be seen here and there, by a prying eye, and especially on the outskirts, odd traces and shapes which looked uncommonly like letters, and were pretty uniform. By the time, however, that he had finished his hand-kissing and felt it possible to meet the gaze of the innocence he had injured, the treacherous witnesses had quite disappeared, and everything went well with the lovers.

But the Suppliant? His rage and his sense that his dirty trick had not only failed, but turned to his own disadvantage, may be felt but cannot

be told. Venus, who naturally understands these things, had kept a watchful eye on him—all the more so that she knew how intense human emotion can break through spells and plans divine, and even death itself. So another touch of the peacock fan wafted them back to the temple before he could break out.

Then his fury found vent. Once more he raged about the room, and if "Fate and metaphysical aid" had not forbidden, he might have dared the crime of Diomed. As it was, he only used the worst language that an ill mind, anger, and a reminiscence of Lemprière could suggest; and certainly some of the things he said were very rude. But the goddess, as before when he had been merely tedious, reclined quietly on her sofa and played with the peacock fan, though the play of it was a little more spasmodic, the set of the divine lips rather harder, and the shrug of the heavenly shoulders was replaced by a tell-tale beat of the heavenly foot. At last, as before, he stopped for want of breath, and she spoke:

"Sir," she said, "if your bad manners and your classical education suggest nothing more to you, perhaps you will listen to *me*. If I were what your extremely ill-informed scandal-mongers have told you, I suppose I should send you to Tartarus, or turn you into something or other disagreeable. I think that unnecessary. You appear to me to have all the qualifications of a self-tormentor. But before I leave you to *your*-self, I shall take the again unnecessary trouble to justify *my*self a little. Was it *my* fault that you would not even attend to my warning? Was it *my* fault that you were so greedy a lover as not to leave a pin's-point space on the girl's face and neck and shoulders and arms unprofaned by your Judas[1]-kisses? Was it *my* fault that, in your headlong spite and thankless revenge, you never remembered that prints of letters, heaped on one another, will make an indis-

[1] I hope somebody will point out that this and the Lemprière reference above are, as the Yankee said of Poe's conversation to Baudelaire, *très inconséquioutives* in the mouth of Venus.

tinguishable blur? Go, sir! buy yourself a stencil-plate and instruct yourself in some of the rudiments of physical and mechanical science. This may qualify you for the service of my sister Pallas. I hereby dismiss you, now and for ever, from mine!"

And one imperial flutter of the peacock feathers wafted the wretch away from Venus, away from Love, into the perpetual company of himself—and perhaps the occasional consolations of Science.

XIX. *Criticism: II. Matter and Form.*—Few things have surprised me more—I don't know that many things have surprised me at all, barring the never-to-be-exhausted freshness of beauty in things and persons beautiful and of folly in things and persons foolish—than the objection of some who are certainly *not* fools, to the separation of Form and Matter in literature. This objection seems to be mainly due to a generous but surely unfounded dislike of the notion of good Form

sanctifying—or even being compatible with—matter not good, or to the still more unreal notion—apparently entertained to some extent by Wordsworth—that good matter will *insist* on being clothed with good form. I only wish it did!

The reluctance to admit what seems, to me at least, to be one of the necessary axioms of the study of Art, and especially of Literature, seems (to me likewise) to be conducive to one or other—perhaps both—of the worst and most fatal faults of criticism itself. The first is that boldly formulated and acknowledged by Peacock's man in *Gryll Grange*, "I must take pleasure in the thing represented *before* I can take pleasure in the representation"; the second something worse still, though not perhaps so common, the acceptance of the matter *because* of the form or *vice versa*. Let us take an example. It would be difficult to find a piece of poetry the matter of which, in almost every possible sense of that word, seems to me sillier and more mischievous than that of Mr. Swinburne's *Song in Time of*

Revolution. Political logic and ethics tell me that revolution in the abstract is nearly always unjustifiable, and political history tells me, more emphatically and unanswerably, that revolutions in the concrete have nearly always done much mischief, and seldom, if ever, much good. I *like*

> The house of the priests made stately, the might
> in the mouth of the kings.

I should rejoice in abundant and successful *bouffées de mitraille* on the persons whom the poet exhorts, if not quite so picturesquely as a certain French *abbé* or a certain English elocutionist, to make priests and kings uncomfortable. But this does not make me in the least insensible to the *vis superba formae* in the piece—to the rise and rush and roar of the volleying anapaests, the deft and fresh handling of the Biblical language, the rocketing soar of the whole to the final explosion:

> For the breath of the face of the Lord that is felt
> in the bones of the dead.

The matter would be mere rubbish if it were not dangerous as well; the form *is* superb, and it is the form that is the poetry. I can see how, by no very extensive changes, the matter could be changed to suit the unchanged form and to leave the poetry unchanged likewise. Change the form and *this* poetry goes, whatever matter you "set" to the new form.

XX. "*Catching a Line.*"—Is this a recognised expression? Several meanings are obvious enough, and the one which will give the point of the following note not least of them; but the writer does not remember to have seen it so used on any occasion, or heard it on any but this.

It so happened that he had just experienced one of those "nasty jars" which happen to all more or less, but especially to those who do not hear their horse clatter (or their boots squeak) "Proputty, proputty, proputty," as the Northern Farmer did. In plain words, the changing of

hands of a certain business threatened *me* with what they called in the seventeenth century "the canvas" and we call "the sack." I was alone in chambers, did not feel inclined to dine there, and felt still less inclined for society in my club or elsewhere. But I had always had a great affection for Greenwich.[1] I had gone there twice as a small boy, on one of the occasions seeing and hearing the launch of the *Great Eastern* (we *rowed* down then, in the good old style) and on the other falling in love with a young lady, whose age was (naturally enough) about twenty to my twelve. After settling again in London a good

[1] Of the other "B'lowbridger" dining-places, the most famous—Lovegrove's at Blackwall—came to an end, I think, in my nonage, though I have a dim idea that my father, who used to take me as a schoolboy from his office to all sorts of proper places in and about the City of London, once took me there to lunch. If you cared to go as far as Gravesend, the "Old" *Falcon* (there were two *Falcons*, but as usual the old was the better) was capital. They had particularly good port there, and both my wife and I liked the place. Less generally known and on the other side of the river, but not quite unfamed in story, and deserving fame, was a hotel (the name of which slips me) at Purfleet, close by the powder-magazine. They had a way of currying the "bait"—*i.e.* not making a ragoût of them, but dusting curry, not gunpowder, over them as they were fried, which was excellent.

many years later, my wife and I had made a practice of going down. Sometimes we were alone—indeed I remember one visit quite out of the season, in winter, when, though we were the only occupants of the biggest room at the *Trafalgar*, and it was evident that nobody else had been there or was coming, they knocked us up an improvised but excellent fish-dinner. Once we took a relation of mine, who diverted the waiters and protracted the entertainment by heading, tailing, and boning each individual whitebait. Another time, when we were a *partie carrée* with friends, I was introduced to Mr. George Meredith, who happened to be there. There were the famous *Saturday* feasts to look back on, and divers other memories. What had been had been, and still was, good. But at the exact moment the past was, or seemed, undeniably better than the present.

As, however, I paced, as usual before dinner, the narrow terrace in front of the Hospital (what a fantastic picture might be made of ghostly

pacers there!), I necessarily passed the old lady (even now there must be a fair number of people remembering her) who kept an apple stall at the *Trafalgar* end. She looked at me and said in a curious grumbling tone, more to herself than to me, "*You*'re a lucky fellow; you've *caught a line*, and you'll do it again." And sure enough, after an interval of "pavement," the line was flung and I did catch it. But whether I held on to it long enough, and whether "you'll do it *again*" referred to something still further in the future, is again uncertain to all except—but the quotation has been made already.

XXI. *Politics: II. The Modern Grendel.*—It was not in

> The year of the great crime
> When the false English nobles and their Jew,
> By God demented, slew
> The trust they stood thrice pledged to keep from wrong,

as the late Mr. Patmore somewhat grandiloquently (and as to "their Jew," I think unhistoric-

ally) called the year 1867. It was in the year before that—when there were still some pocket boroughs, though the Whigs had taken care to keep most of those that were left in 1832 for their own pockets; when the variety of constituencies and constituents still, to some extent, made the House of Commons really representative of the country at large and not of a mere brute majority (and not even that) of its inhabitants; and when "sagging" this way and that of the said brute majority took place (if it took place at all) at much longer intervals and on more substantial impulses. The rickety old railings of Hyde Park, constructed as if on purpose to be pulled down—with a low stone base to get one foot well on (the other safe on ground) and high uprights to give you good purchase and long leverage—were still standing. The democratic idea is, I believe, that a glorious people levelled them as a sign of determination to be free; but an omnibus driver, by whose side I sat as they lay on the ground, chuckled to me,

"Good lark for the fellows to have with Dicky,[1] wasn't it?" and I am inclined to think that his view was the correct one. Nothing but an unbreakable cordon of police from Craven Hill to Tyburn could have saved the railings. They were so rotten that, when one gave way, whole breadths of them followed.

"But this is a digression." It was early in 1866, and before the "lark with Dicky," when a few Oxford undergraduates, getting into their latter days as such, were—as hundreds of such groups must have done before and scores since—discussing what they were going, or would like to be going, to do. One of them said, "If somebody would give me a safe seat in Parliament and five hundred a year [he was not greedy, you see], I would give my life to smashing Trades Unions as Charles Villiers smashed the Corn

[1] I fear it may be necessary to tell some readers that the Commissioner of Police at this time was Sir Richard Mayne, whose long and excellently efficient tenure of office has left its mark by allusions to him as simply "Sir Richard," without surname, in such books as Trollope's. The irrepressible Cockney naturally reduced it further.

Laws." I should be afraid that if he is alive now, this monster is more convinced than ever that if England does not smash Trades Unions, Trades Unions will smash England.

There are few more curial instances of what foreigners unkindly call our "hypocrisy" than the way in which newspapers and public speakers usually handle these organisations of "Labour."[1]

The enormous and ever-increasing practical mischief which they have done for the last half-century can escape no intelligent and well-informed person unless he wilfully shuts his eyes to it. Apart from this, I can think of no more flagrant and unquestionable instance of injustice than that one man, or any number of men, should be allowed to prevent others from working. And besides these two gigantic, in-

[1] I hope it is, but it may not be, needless to say that it is only when Labour "capitalises" itself that I have any objection to it. I certainly have none to "labour," having practised that same nearly all the days of my life, and heartily respected other labourers, from colonels and canons to corporals and carpenters. *This* capitalism seems to have a bad effect often—compare "Science," "Education," "Liberty," and sometimes even, I am afraid, "Literature."

separable, and all-pervading evils—with their innumerable subdivisions, consequences, and appurtenances—there is a third—vaguer, but perhaps worse than either—the frightful deterioration of *morale*[1] which Trades Unionism has brought about. There is hardly an aspect of goodness in conduct which has not been affected by this. At one end there is the peaceful persuader, who peacefully persuades by bashing blacklegs and kicking them on the ground, with the saunterer who cuts his hours of work to the minimum and then does one hour's fair work in two. At the other there are the leaders who, after exacting for their clients enormous wages, paid out of money borrowed by the nation, suggest "capital levies,"—which mean that part of the money lent is never to be paid back in capital—or (perhaps *and*) more direct frauds by reduction of interest.

I have sometimes wondered how any Labour

[1] It may be as well to observe once more that if I were writing French I should write *moral* without the *e*.

M.P. ever manages to make a balance-sheet of his conscience. His duty, when elected, is of course first, if not wholly, to the country at large, and, secondly (as best can be combined with this), to his constituency. These duties, though they may not always be reconcilable, clearly may be so not seldom. But his duty to "Labour"—at least as Labour appears to understand it—can hardly be done at all without breach of duty to both the others—must, at any rate, be in constant and perilous conflict with it. People talk of "class selfishness." Well, I know something of history, and I never heard or read of any class—tyrant, aristocrat, capitalist, slave-holder, buccaneer, middle-class shopkeeper—so absolutely and exclusively governed by selfishness as Trades Union "Labour."

One question may be important to add and answer: "You want to smash Trades Unions and leave Employers' Federations intact?" Not for five seconds. A forced lock-out is to my mind as bad in itself as a forced strike, though

it may in most cases seem a more excusable, and in some a necessary evil. The only principle that should govern all these things is the good old one—till lately, unless I mistake most surprisingly, that of English law, and obviously that of common justice—that if any two or more persons combine to do, to the detriment of another, something even not in itself criminal or tortious, their action is conspiracy, and punishable. Hold to that, and everything will go as right as, in a world where everything *doesn't* go right, you can make it. Let that go, and everything will go as wrong as it has been going at increased speed since we began to foster the Trades Union *imperium in imperio*.

Well! perhaps Grendel will be killed some day, and even Grendel's mother — the hag Equality. For though we *do* "know the hue of the cap" on Liberty's brows; though "Be my brother or I will kill you" is not more witty than historical, as a description or motto of Fraternity; perhaps the most hopeless word of

the three is Equality, the ugliest, the meanest, the most mischievous. Liberty, *not* in the cant sense, is good and noble. Fraternity, in theory if not practice, is a pretty dream. But as soon as you begin really to think about it you perceive that *In*equality—Variety—is Heaven's first law for Earth in Beauty, Polity, and everything else. Even the beauty of the sea or the fen country which one knows, that of prairie or desert which one hears of, is simply created by the eternal contrast of the over-arching sky. Imagine the prettiest girl you can think of; make every other girl like her, and where would her beauty be? Even then, the variety—that is to say, inequality—of the features between themselves would remain; and you must reduce further to wig-blocks, nay, to rigid and unfeatured globes, before you get equality. And so in every feature and function of individual and social life. Put aside all hardship, injustice, bloodshed, etc., in achieving equality with the most Poplarian or Bolshevist indifference; and, if you have

the slightest glimmer of aesthetic or intellectual appreciation left, you will shudder *then* at the world you have brought about.

XXII. *My Only Ghost.*—It was Coleridge, was it not? who said that he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them. I have always believed in them, but I have only seen one. It could hardly have been anything else; but the circumstances were extremely curious. I had been playing whist for a long evening at Fort George in Guernsey; it is perhaps not irrelevant to say that I had not dined there, and that people with some reputation at the game of games[1] do not usually over-stimulate themselves either at or between rubbers. It must have been in the small hours, though not far into them, that I left the Fort by the main gate to walk by

[1] It *was* this before it was, like other things, ruined by being made "scientific." A club which imposed on "American leads" the penalty of a revoke would benefit the world. I never was *quite* sure about "calling for trumps": while it must have been very pleasant to ask, "Can you one?" —things how like in terms and how different in sense?

myself to Cambridge Park on the other side of St. Peter Port. The road, as I hope some readers of this little book will know, after beginning with a deep hollow way (the Fort was inaccessible except by a postern during the tremendous snowfall of the " Terrible Year "), sweeps at a sharpish curve round a shoulder of high ground, which runs up again sharply, on the right, and sinks on the left—less steeply, but at a good angle—to the valley below. Just at the outside bend of the shoulder there is, or was at that time, a small quarry, the floor of which (for it was in active use by day) was dotted, but not very thickly, with heaps of more or less broken stone, wheelbarrows, planks, etc. (I should mention that there was a perfectly blazing full moon.)

Just as I turned the shoulder at an easy walking pace, I saw on one of these heaps, in front and close to the road, what looked like the figure of an old woman sitting or crouching in something very like the traditional witch's attitude when she is going to do or say something unpleasant. It

startled me so completely that, I regret to say, I scuttled down the hill at the double, or something more, for the fifty or a hundred yards or so which took me out of sight of the quarry and the figure. But when I got so far it occurred to me that this was not exactly the course of conduct that England would expect from a person who had not only been called George by his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism, but had just left an English fortress of the same name. So I pulled up and turned back, determined to investigate the phenomena more dispassionately. But when I had again rounded the shoulder and got the quarry before me, there was nobody at all on the heap! And as it was several decades too early for air-travelling of the modern kind, there was no possibility of anybody having got away. The back and sides of the quarry were perpendicular; the impedimenta on its floor were not individually large enough to hide a child; the slope on the other side of the road was in any case pretty steep to negotiate, with

very little cover of any kind and no shrubs or thick tree-trunks, while quarry, slope and road up to the Fort were all clear as in daylight with the blaze of the moon already mentioned. "Oh! a man's coat left on the heap" is the obvious rationalist solution; but in that case the coat must have been endowed with a power of making away with itself, which appears to me as supernatural as that of my old hag, if not a little more so.

I never hit upon any explanation of the matter; but it did appear afterwards that the place had rather a reputation (quite unknown to me at the time) for accidents; and a friend of my own told me that once as he was driving past it his horse, generally quiet enough, shied and almost bolted in a manner for which he could not account. "Some one's dinner-paper left and flickered by the wind," says Rationalism again for this. Very possibly; but I am quite sure that nobody's dinner—my own or another's—had anything to do with My Only Ghost. She did me no harm, and I was the real intruder on what may have

been merely a rest in a journey from El Dorado to Samarcand. There were, now I come to think of it, things about which I took for pick-handles, and one of which may have been a broomstick! Witch or ghost, what does it matter?

XXIII. "*A Good Time.*"—Some people, of the order of Pessimists, say that the prevalence of the phrase "a good time," and the expressed determination of youth—especially feminine youth—to have the thing, is one of the saddest features of the twentieth century. They might derive a gloomy satisfaction from one of the earliest instances, I think, to be found in great literature of "time" used just in the same way. Of course "good time" and "times" are much older in slightly different senses. But with "have" and in definite reference to personal satisfaction of a not too exalted kind, Dryden's

> The sons of Belial had a glorious time

comes, in combination of nearness of sense and

distance of age, most pat to my memory. For you will observe that the persons who "had" it were Sons of Belial. And it may be further observed that about the same period the *Daughters* of Belial also appear to have enjoyed a "time" equally good in their sense, and exceptionally "glorious" in more senses than one.

XXIV. *Education: III. The Right to It.*—One prepares oneself to hear nonsense whenever the word "Right" is uttered.[1] If the utterance concerns an individual the expectation may be limited to boredom; when it extends to classes, peoples, or humanity at large, serious mischief may be apprehended. That "nobody has any right to anything except what he has already," may look like a paradox of the "rotting" type, which sprang up when the nineteenth century

[1] Within half an hour of correcting this proof I have just read that "no one has a right to punish a child." In the sense that to punish a child is a duty, not a right, one may agree; otherwise the statement is purely idiotic. Of course it was attributed to a Professor: we are, alas! born to folly as Baronets to badness!

was becoming "high," and has not yet been quite cleaned away. But it has a great deal of truth in it. At any rate, to say, as the Right Reverend person referred to before[1] said, that "*Every* child has a right to a *good* education" is nonsense of the most mischievous and mischief of the most nonsensical. To say that "all parents who bring children into the world *ought* to give them as good and suitable an education as they can" is to say something defensible enough: but it will be observed by any one possessing intelligence that the whole point of view and standard of judgment are changed in it. Duty imposes something on one side, but it by no means confers anything on the other. Had his Lordship, as bishops would once have done, dwelt on the *duty* of parents in this respect; had he even gone further and expatiated on the *charity* incumbent on others than parents in this respect, no one could have found serious fault with him, though one might have desiderated

[1] *V. sup.* p. 73.

an addition or limitation having reference to the educableness of the particular child, and the extent to which children educated up to this or that standard are wanted. But a child has—as such, and without reference to his or her parents—as much and as little right to a good education as he has to a good horse, a good yacht, or a good dukedom. You may think it expedient that he should have a chance of it, which is, if not certain, arguable, again with reasonable limitations; but Expediency confers no Right.

In fact a little treatise "Of Right" in the combined manners of Hobbes and Swift would be a choice thing. The Right to Vote, with its companion Right to be Outvoted;[1] the Right to the Land on which you were born, with its large but vague corollary of right to the vessel or even the sea on which you may possibly have come

[1] The only logical system of voting involves the old Polish *Liberum Veto*, and, alas! we do not need history to tell us what that came to. Nay, even with it there is the further difficulty that each member of the majority is defrauded of *his* will! The Vote and the Veto, the Veto and the Vote, are as fatally entwined in struggle as they are mysteriously coupled in spelling.

into existence,—many—nay, most other—Rights would afford excellent texts. But the Right to a Good Education would come not very far below the best of them.

XXV. *A Night-Piece.*—What may be the laws of the University of Oxford, as to raising dust in curricles, since the advent of motor-cars and -cycles is not clear to the present writer. But most people, even if they have not been themselves sealed of the City of the Unknown God, must be aware from literature that its authorities used to be particularly unpropitious to any form of driving—for what exact reason I never could make out. You could, indeed, in my time, procure a "permit" for this (in two senses) extravagance from your tutor; but for some cause or other it was—at any rate in my own college, and, I believe, in most others—seldom or never applied for. Again, the reason was not quite obvious, though several might be conjectured—the natural youthful desire to do

what you ought not to do, and not to do what you ought, even in obtaining leave to do what you want to do; the fun of escaping being "caught" —even that of being caught itself; perhaps the uncertainty of leave being granted. Anyhow I believe very few permits were ever asked for, and still fewer expected by the Proctors.

It so happened, however, that on one day very late in my Time of Roses, feeling down in the mouth and aspiring to a bath of solitude on those White Horse Hills whence has come help to more than a hundred generations of "men," I thought I would combine the drive not only with the walk, but with immunity from fine, and the amusement of surprising a Proctor. So, for the first time in such a case, I asked my tutor, the late Mr. William Sidgwick (cleverest perhaps, if not exactly wisest, of his singularly brilliant family), for the requisite firman. Sidgwick delighted in anything unusual. On another occasion, when they altered the services in Chapel in a manner which seemed to some of us to

affect undergraduates, he held an informal evening symposium-court in his own rooms, with himself arguing the point on one side, myself and another Postmaster on the other, the late Sir Kenelm Digby as principal umpire, and some more dons (the late Mr. Reynolds of Brasenose was one, and, I think, Sir James Thursfield—he may remember it—was another) for, I fear rather bored, assessors. In this simpler business he looked at me and gave me the document, managing somehow to give me the impression that he had never been asked for one before.

So I got my vehicle and set off. In those days there was a further " difference according to vehicles " besides that recorded in the *Art of Pluck*,[1] and the tandem—very delightfully conditioned in that work of genius as " and

[1] I trust that this very pleasant book is not and will ne'er be forgot. The " therefore " quoted above (it need hardly be said that no reason is given) is admirable; *ἐδουνγόττησαν* is one of the noblest efforts in Hellenist-Macaronic, and one still shudders at the sorites, " All young ladies are agreeable; all agreeable things are pleasant; all pleasure is uncertain; all uncertain things are vain [it might have been ended here]; all vanity is good for nothing; therefore all young ladies are good for nothing."

therefore more serviceable to Pluck," and familiar to all readers of university-novels of the first half of the nineteenth century—had rather gone out of fashion. Low pony-carts were the order of the day, and though these may seem effeminate, men mighty in the hunting-field, noted in the then new University Sports, and famous in the crews who for all but that entire decade kept the boat-race for Oxford, did not disdain them. So there was certainly no call for one who neither hunted, nor hurdled, nor even boasted a scratch-four pewter, to do so. The drive to Wantage took the rest of the morning; the wander on the Ridgeway the afternoon; and dinner at the *Bear*[1] the early evening, till it was time to journey back under the "huge and thoughtful night"[2] to Oxford and the designed

[1] It *was* the *Bear*, was it not? I have never been in Wantage from that day to this.

[2] I apologise for this second repeated quotation. But it would by itself estate Whitman as a poet: just as another did Leigh Hunt. And it has always seemed to me as perfect for one aspect of Night as *ἀσπασίη, τρίλλιστος* is for another.

amusement. Sure enough, somewhere in the outskirts came the expected flash of lanterns and grab of bulldogs at the pony's head, and flutter of velvet sleeves, and "Your name and college, sir?" So I adjusted my whip properly in my left hand, produced my talisman, and handed it most politely to the avenger. Whether he was really surprised or not I cannot say. But when he had looked at it and waved a "Pass!" that proctor certainly grinned. And I grinned, and the bulldogs grinned, and, I believe, the pony (who had, of course, relieved his captivity by looking round after the manner of these animals) grinned too.

> And the peace of the Lord fell on all that night,

as Robert Buchanan (who was not such a bad fellow as he chose to show himself in the most notorious episode of his life) says somewhere.

Merely a trifling experience, of course, but somehow fixed, not less than the flash of the diamond in front of the lady's breast mentioned

in *Notes on a Cellar Book*, and a hundred other things, in the vista of memory.

XXVI. *Some Suggestions for a Newest English Dictionary:*

IDEALISM. Dollars.

IMAGINATION. The power of being convinced that *meum* and *suum* and *alienum* generally ought to be *tuum*.

TEMPERANCE. Being in a temper with those who temperately enjoy themselves.

SERFDOM. The state of being worshipped with somebody's body and endowed with his worldly goods; of being cherished, etc., for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health.

BROAD-MINDEDNESS. The result of flattening high-mindedness out.

MENTALITY. A state of somebody else's mind that you dislike or don't understand.

GESTURE. Word stripped of all proper meaning, and therefore usable at indiscretion.

VICTIMISATION. "Making the doer suffer"—which the Greeks thought right and "Labour" thinks wrong.

PSYCHOLOGY. Something like "gesture" and "mentality," *i.e.* used with[illegible] eaning. For instance, a husband writi[illegible] wi[illegible] once expressed desire for a div[illegible], while "your psychology is impossible." Baude- *not* mean that she had written a ba[illegible]nly as or held erroneous opinions on the sub[illegible] on He only meant he wanted to get rid [illegible] her.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. Term used by persons who do not know Greek for processes always questionable and generally mischievous. *Psychanalysis* (which is what they mean) I have *once* seen correctly spelt. Imagine *psycho-agogia* or *psycho-emporos*!

XXVII. *Criticism: III. "Art for Art's Sake."*—As a sort of postscript to what was said of

Matter and Form,[1] a word or two on the subject of this section may not be too tedious. Fifty years ago and more there was a good deal of unintelligent pother and bother about "Art for Art's sake." The present humble writer was credibly informed that he lost at least one Fellowship partly, if not mainly, by adopting the notion in an Essay of the 'sixties. And he "got it over the face and eyes" from proper moral men for [illegible] mature delinquencies in the same key when writing on Baudelaire in 1875 and Gautier three years later. Then, as usual, it made its way, as far as it deserved to make it, and was little heard of in theory, though a good deal seen, especially (as usual, likewise) in degeneracies and exaggerations of practice.

Recently I have seen a sort of revival of notice of it, showing—as such revivals generally *do* show—a slight misunderstanding of the views of the original apostles. Even my friend Mr. Middleton Murry, a Captain (and D.S.O.) in

[1] *V. sup.* p. 85.

the Young Guard of criticism, seemed to me to be not quite at the right angle in some *Times* "Pencillings" of his. We did not, I think (at least I can answer for one of us), at all disregard the "matter" of Baudelaire and Flaubert, or make small or no account of the "life" in their work. To this day, while chuckling a little, as I did of old, at Baudelaire's "Satanic" poses, I feel just as keenly as ever I felt at first, ten years before I wrote on him, that the *Hymne* and *Les Enfants de la Lune*, to take one piece only from each of his two great books, and the magnificent conclusion-poem which he added after the first edition of the *Fleurs du Mal*, express, as all the greatest things in poetry do express, thoughts and feelings which one has thought and felt oneself in dumb and inorganic fashion. I know, and always have known, that *Madame Bovary* and the *Tentation* (alas! for the people who could not see it in *both*) reproduce with perfect *mimesis* actual life and dream-life. But when we praised these men and

others, when we rejoiced in them because they had followed art for art's sake, it was also, or rather at the same time, because they had followed life for life's sake *as well.* In fact you cannot do the first without doing the second, though you certainly may do the second without doing the first.

Form *without* matter, art *without* life, are inconceivable—or conceivable only like the jejune conceptions of mathematics. What we fought against when we carried that banner was the meddling and muddling of the two, the inability to distinguish them, the stipulation that the canvas must have been bought at the proper shop, the paper manufactured at the particular mill, before people should allow themselves to enjoy the picture or the poem. And let no one suppose that this danger has passed. What was once the proper shop may have been shut up; the river may have been turned away from the old mill. But unless you train yourself to value the art and the form and the literature

apart from, though by no means to the neglect of, the matter and the life, you are likely to fall, as a delightful phrase of the Articles has it, into "wretchlessness of most unclean [critical] living."

XXVIII. *The Two Hexameters.*—Many people may have noticed how glibly that rather uncomfortably true line—

ἀλλ' οὐ πῶς ἅμα πάντα θεοὶ δόσαν ἀνθρώποισι,

goes into an English "accentual" hexameter—

But never yet did the gods give all things together to mortals.

If so, have the noticers also noticed how the comparison illustrates (quite independently of the spondaic ending in the Greek) the substantial difference, beneath the formal resemblance, of the two metres? and the way in which it supports Mr. Swinburne's magisterial pronouncement that all combinations of dactyls and spondees are alien to English?

XXIX. *Politics: III. The Two Commandments of "Labour":*[1]

(1) Nobody else shall have anything that I have not.

(2) Somebody else shall pay for everything that I have.

XXX. *Wreaths.*—I am told that among the Victorian vices which are elsewhere considered more generally, the wearing of wreaths by young women is one of the most odious to the living posterity of those who in two senses "bore" the ornament and the generation. It is sad that the dislike should—if it does—survive familiarity with the work of Leech and "Dicky"

[1] Once more let me say, without the least "hedging" or flinching, that whenever and wherever in this book uncomplimentary references occur to Labour, there is no thought of obloquy on any man who does with his might a fair day's work and takes with content a fair day's wage. There is more sorrow than anger for those who are deluded into ways opposite to this. But hateful to me as the gates of Hell are the agitators who agitate for pay; the "bookish theorists" who prostitute their wits and do treason to their training in support of strikes; the schoolmasters who take public money to sow tares in the public field, and the rest of the "leaders" of Labour to those very gates.

Doyle, who may be taken as the Serjeant-Limners of the wreath. But there is just this to be said for its enemies (though it is doubtful whether they have the excuse of recognising the fact), that hardly any headgear was so treacherous to those who put it on. There was no need of caricatures like the "Miss Bunion" of *Mrs. Perkins's Ball.* Some faces—not necessarily ugly or even plain—simply could not stand wreaths, and others, positively good-looking *per se*, got on little better with them. And the general riskiness was agreeably complicated by dangers in detail. Too big or too niggling constituents; hardness of outline always (that is, not for gold or gems, but flowers), and "floppiness" to nearly the same extent; many such things you had to beware of, even in the stereotyped and almost sacramental "wreath of roses." But when they *did* "suit," there was no doubt about the suitableness of probably the very oldest method of at once part-covering and wholly super-glorifying the glory of a girl's hair. It is curious that

nothing makes, for almost any kind of good hair, from gold to black, a better wreath than mistletoe. But it has been held that there is too much invitation in the decoration, and that the necessarily strong *garde-du-corps* in attendance would be a bore in the ballroom.

XXXI. *Local Coercion.*—Almost all honest writers on politics and many honest historians (the dishonest ones take good care not to do so, having too much use for it themselves) have noticed the strange and almost uncanny influence of *phrase*—often phrase which has no meaning, or a meaning quite different from that commonly assigned to it. There are few better, or rather worse, examples of such phrases than that from which the title of this note is corrected. "Local option" sounds—and is always represented by its advocates as being—quite beautifully fair and just. These blissful *loca* are the home of Option, Choice, Freedom. No tyranny of Parlia-

ment—which, my friends, we know, alas! to be quite as capable of tyranny as any Phalaris or Dionysius, Ezzelin or President Francia. Places left to their own choice!

Unfortunately, when anybody begins to apply the rare but refreshing process of thought to the matter, he discovers that what is meant is the very opposite of what is phrased; that it is Local Coercion—Local Abolition of Choice—the opportunity, not for the place (a place, unfortunately for itself, cannot drink), but for certain individual inhabitants of the place, to prevent other individuals from having any choice—any option—at all. Observe further that the proposition is wholly one-sided. Nobody suggests, or ever has suggested, that 51 members of an accidentally or arbitrarily constituted 100 shall be able to force 49 to drink; but it is gravely proposed that the 51 shall be empowered, if they be so minded, to force the 49 *not* to drink. Again, "local" legislation of all other kinds, without exception, is invariably and properly universal.

Every one has, directly or indirectly, to pay local rates; everybody has to obey local by-laws; while in wider ranges local rain descends equally on the just and the unjust; local beauty exists for the delight or the neglect of those who can feel it and those who cannot; you can't, because you are in a majority, force a "Manchester black"[1] into the eyes of the minority and keep your own free. But, because certain weak-minded people have an objection to strong-bodied drink, they are to be allowed to deprive those who have the misfortune to be their neighbours of a supply of it, and to call this LOCAL OPTION!

It is true that—as Scotland, the Promised Land of this unjust and impudent absurdity, recently showed—it has not at present much chance of prevailing largely; and it is true also that unless it prevailed largely it would be more

[1] I have never seen this object mentioned in print. But once when I suffered sudden eye-torture in the streets of Cottonopolis (which I mention otherwise with all honour), a chemist who relieved me told me its name. He seemed rather proud of it.

of a nuisance than of a major hardship—inasmuch as, in almost all cases, some more rational *locus* would be attainable without much difficulty. But neither its injustice, nor its absurdity, nor its impudence is affected by these considerations; and the "thin end" argument is as much valued by the wise as it is laughed at by fools. Good seldom comes of lies—never of malignant lies; and though some people may try to palliate the malignity, nobody can disprove the charge that Local *Option* is a lie in terms.

XXXII. *The Two Supernaturals.—Religio Laici* is not only a title preoccupied, after a fashion very dangerous to disturb, in actual fact, but one to be touched very cautiously in anything like imitation of its purport—even in prose. Yet in a scrap-book (or, if any one pleases, -heap) like this, it may not be wholly improper to express a slight doubt or surprise which has beset one layman certainly, and probably others, for a

good many years as to the tactics of his clerical friends.[1] Of course

> They may be angels, and we may be fools,

to foul-copy a favourite rhythm of the author of *Religio Laici* itself in words suggesting another famous tag. But there have been incidents in the history of all wars—holy as well as unholy—where the rushers-in have been justified of their rushing and the fearers to tread have wished to goodness, too late, that they had not feared.

I am referring to the curious reluctance which Orthodoxy now so often shows to posit and defend any idea, definite, if only definite by negation, of God, or indeed of the Supernatural at all. Reluctance is, indeed, hardly the word for those *transfugae* who take advantage of electrons and ethers and Fundamental Stuffs as shelters behind

[1] Oddly enough, while correcting the proof of this little book in August, I find that a discussion on this very subject is included among the Agenda of the Church Congress to be held in October.

which to drop successive portions of their creed. But even those who are not content to be left Fundamentally Stuffy as regards the beginning of all things, and in what mind one knows not as to their end, seem very rarely to be clear about what they themselves mean by the Supernatural; while, on the other hand, the average Free-thinker never writes a book, and seldom a page, without assuming, or seeming to assume, that the Supernatural must submit to the tests of the Natural. Now this is precisely what any logical believer must deny. A Supernatural which will so submit is not an article of the nature and quality that he requires. "Credo quia impossibile" may be an exaggeration; but "Non *dis*-credo (if there were such a word, as there might be) quia impossibile" is not unreasonable at all—it is merely the acknowledgment of the differences (*v. inf.*) between Belief and Knowledge. In fact, it is what should be the motto not merely of every Christian, but of everybody who feels the vanity of that "natural knowledge

which merely pushes ignorance farther back." It is impossible to be too contemptuous of the process of throwing Virgin Births and literal Resurrections, Transfigurations and Pentecostal mysteries as infants to the wolves. If anybody won't or can't believe, it may or may not be the worse for him. But if anybody thinks that he can *half*-believe, pick and choose something as not quite too impossible,[1] he is, begging his pardon—well! something described by Dante. There may be some who can comfort themselves with the elephants perched on tortoises, and the tortoises sprawling on Fundamental Stuff, of scientific or semi-scientific explanations. There may be others who don't want any explanation at all. But, for my part, I hold with the man who said, perhaps with something too much of Claverhouse's audacity, "I am afraid I may sometimes have given occasion to God to do without *me*, but I find I can't do without Him."

[1] Cf. my friend on Omnipotence, *infra* (*Misunderstandings, III.*).

XXXIII. *Little Necrologies: II. Henry Duff Traill.*—Somehow or other, from the time that I first knew Traill, I recognised him as the living representative of Thackeray's Warrington, with the proper and inevitable, as well as "excellent," differences. But that time itself was not early. He did not, indeed, go down from Oxford till two years after I went up, but it so happened that I hardly knew any one at St. John's. The first thing I saw of his—indeed I think the first thing that made me know of his existence—was an article (already satiric *more suo*) on the difference of legal ways between France and England, in that mysterious periodical *The Dark Blue*, which had one of the best staffs of "new hands" ever known, but was said to have made the mistake of forgetting to pay them, and so died young. It was still a little time after I had myself joined the Press (he had done so, I believe, almost immediately after leaving Oxford) that I came across him, though his fame was already great in Fleet Street. I did not even

personally meet him when we both contributed to a certain ambitious daily which started on full first-class scale and collapsed in a month or two. (*He*, knowing the ropes, left it very shortly: it was kind enough to owe *me* a hundred and twenty-seven pounds when it went into liquidation, and to pay me a guinea and a half in satisfaction thereof.)

But before very long we drifted together, and for years were closely associated. I do not know which I admired most—Traill's prose or his verse. In the greater harmony he tried little outside the satiric modes; but his skill in these was greater than any one's since Canning, and there were touches of majesty and passion, which Canning hardly knew, as in the poem on Democracy, sphinx-like or Eastern-god-like:

> With the hands at ease on the monstrous knees.

But he preferred lighter if almost sharper keys, and if anybody can pick up *Recaptured Rhymes* and *Saturday Songs* at the prices I have sometimes

been in catalogues, he is a lucky man. *The Ballad of Baloonatics Craniocracs*[1] (how the writer would have chuckled, with me, over it in these days of impossibly parcelled-out states, with jargonic names to suit !), *Laputa Outdone* (O for appendices to it on Female Suffrage, and the League of Nations, and "Treaties" with rebels and assassins !), and the grave report of the Swinburne-Buchanan business—all these could not be better and have certainly never been bettered. But I believe—he told me so himself—the books had hardly any sale. *The New Lucian*, in prose, was more fortunate—it went, I think, into at least a second edition, and he wrote some capital smaller books in "series," especially the *Sterne* and the *Coleridge* in "English Men of Letters."

But all this was as nothing, in point of bulk, compared to his production in mainly anonymous journalism. I have ventured to estimate, in the Preface of this book, the bulk of my own stuff in

[1] This, with *Laputa* and another, he most kindly allowed me to reprint in a little anthology of *Political Verse* (London : Percival and Co., 1891).

that line at about one hundred volumes octavo, and elsewhere Lang's at more. Traill, I should think, must have doubled the hundred at least; for he began some years before I did, and continued some years after I, practically, left off And the quality was as amazing as the quantity. It was Thackeray's phrase about Warrington's anonymities, "the sense, the satire, and the scholarship," that brought the two together in my mind when I began to be familiar with Traill's—and fixed them there in company. He had no peculiarities of style—the veriest schoolmarm could find no fault with his prose—though in verse, of course, he shifted dialect and structure from high to low as occasion required.[1] But the blow always "came straight from the shoulder" when the shoulder was required; the fingers could ply the dissecting knife as deftly when it was their business; and behind

[1] I never remember laughing more over the first words of a proof coming fresh (the "copy" previously unread) from the press, than over a piece of Traill's, in which the famous Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων was made to spell "Duty" and followed up with Greek-spelt English.

and above both the brain worked and directed them in masterly fashion.

How much was lost to literary and political history by the merging of such talents in the newspaper Sea of Oblivion, it is idle to discuss. Fortunately his republished verse, if not much of his book-prose, shows how great Traill was as a Tory writer; and the *New Lucian* exhibits the peculiar scepticism which in one form or another, to one degree or another, must always season really great Toryism. The Preacher is the chaplain of our political creed, and I have always thought it one of the most comic achievements of the *ludicrum humani saeculi* that Thackeray thought himself a Liberal.

If, however, anybody is so unfortunate as to think that Scepticism and Satire make the people in whom they abide disagreeable, a very slight knowledge of Traill would have corrected that error if it were corrigible. He was certainly *hot*-tempered—a Traill of Rattar, with Heaven knows how many Berserks and Vikings among

his ancestors, might plead having hot-temper by kind. Within the nineteenth century his father, afterwards an excellent police-magistrate, had been second to Christie in the too famous duel which brought such unjust discredit on Lockhart. But he was eminently *good*-tempered—there was not a drop of bad blood in him—and in years of the pretty close association above referred to, I never knew him do or say a single thing that I could object to. He had a most agreeable laugh for other people's jokes as well as his own. And I always like to think of him as I once saw him, then perhaps the most formidable of all-round fighters on the Press in English journalism, sitting cross-legged, in flannels, at his wife's feet on their lawn at Putney—just off a set at tennis, and discarding, with his laugh, a finished jorum of lemon-squash.

XXXIV. *Three Ways of taking a "Terror."*— I know three very curious stories—each of them coming straight from one of the persons con-

cerned in it—of the different way in which the Irish Terror that prevailed more or less from the 'seventies to the 'nineties of the last century affected three different Cabinet Ministers, not all of the same party or holding the same office. Let us call the Ministers A, B, and C; the other parties X, Y, and Z.

X, who was a newspaper editor, was walking home with A from the House late at night. After a time, noticing that his companion was very silent, X either offered the usual amount of coin of the realm for his thoughts or, in some other way, asked the reason of the taciturnity. Whereupon A stopped on the edge of a curb, turned half-round, and said, "I'm wondering whether I shall find my wife and children murdered when I get home."

The second instance of "terror" producing terror was less unselfish. It so happened that Y, a man young enough to be mischievous—but, as Mrs. Grundy would most justly remark, old enough to know better—had chambers or rooms

or a flat or the house itself (it mattereth not) next door to a Cabinet Minister, who was a very robustious and aggressive speaker, but who was, justly or not, whispered to be not quite so valiant as his tongue would give him out to be. It happened further that Y one night, again pretty late, spied his neighbour, who did not know him by sight, walking unaccompanied in a very empty street, and resolved to play him tricks. So first he followed him in a stealthy kind of way, till he saw an over-shoulder look suggesting alarm; then he walked rapidly past, turned a corner, hid in a porch or entry, and resumed his shadowing when the victim had passed. By this time the latter was in an obvious state of panic, and, as they approached their abodes, seemed to be inclined to make for a distant policeman instead of going home. Whereupon the villain shook off his *allures* of villainy, passed the victim by in a straightforward, manly, say-nothing-to-nobody fashion, struck across the street, skipped up his own steps, and put in his latch-key,

leaving his Right Honourable victim to get his nerves into order again as best he could. "Conduct," of course, "'ighly to be reprobated," as the poet says, but not quite unamusing.

The third story speaks much more for the credit of our governmental stuff. C and Z had been dining at the same house rather far away from the centre, and C had, very good-naturedly, offered his carriageless fellow-guest a lift homeward. Z perceived in the coachman's companion something not quite like the usual "male domestic of Mrs. Boffin," but paid little attention, and naturally said nothing at all about it. Conversation went on as usual till, when they got fairly near their respective destinations, C said suddenly, "O, Z! do let us get out and walk! They make me have that fellow on the box, but his back *does* bore me so!" Now to B "that fellow's" detective, protective "back" would doubtless have been an immense comfort; and his presence might even have suggested to the amiable mind of A that some one of the same

class could look after his family. But C was αὐτάρκης; and to all such be glory!

XXXV. *Education: IV. Its Objects and Uses.*—Something having been already said on certain general aspects of Education—on the so-called "right" to it; on the possibility of people at large undergoing it with profit to themselves, etc.; let us now consider—with equal brevity, but, as before, with the help of some real knowledge of the matter—what the objects and uses of it, as regards the Public Good, may and should be.

It is an invidious, perhaps even an odious, but an indubitable truth that a very large diffusion of elaborate education—even if it were more possible as regards the capacity of the receiver, and less onerous to the givers than it has been said to be—would be of less or more[1] than doubtful benefit to the country at large and to the receivers themselves. There is, indeed, *no*

[1] I have never been clear which of these phrases best represents "no probable."

doubt—unpopular as the statement may be—that on the one hand vulgarisation impairs value, and that on the other it is cruel to sow desires which are very unlikely to receive satisfaction as they grow up. But one may employ less "metaphysical" arguments than these. Once more it may seem, to the curious, perverted sentimentality of these days, brutal to point out that a community wants, from the majority of its members, work rather with their hands than with their heads; but there is no more absolute truth. Neither is a second unlike to it—namely, that a much larger number are *fit* to work with their hands than with their heads. As for a third, there is no more wretched and no more mischievous class of human beings than a dissatisfied *intelligentsia*—no more pitiable or worthless one than a congregation of *fruits secs*; and these should be fair matters for consideration by any reasonable person.

Somebody, more or less foaming at the mouth, may cry "Caste!" On the contrary, there is

not the slightest intention on the part of the writer, or necessity in the nature of the scheme, for any caste-like separation of classes whatever. With a rational and, in the good sense, liberal system of education such as (whatever ignorant or reckless references to it may say) always did prevail in England before the later nineteenth century, and then only required a little readjustment, any gutter child of the towns might become an archbishop or any hedge-bantling of the country a Lord Chancellor. Parish schools, grammar schools, universities, always have given the right ladder to the real salmon, and always might have continued to do it on reasonable scales and without overcrowding or disappointment.[1]

[1] This last point has been urged before, but its importance and the way in which it is constantly overlooked by chance or design make it well to duplicate. I own that a short time ago I was very sorry to see that Lord Haldane had attributed to him the following statement: "One of the greatest sources of the unrest and class-consciousness to-day lay in the fact that the working classes found themselves to an enormous extent cut off from the chances of higher education." There is no justification for this whatever. The only class who are to-day so "cut off" consists of those middle-class people who will not pauperise themselves at the expense of others

XXXVI. *Pastiche Rococo* (*Season* 1870):

The sad spring sun looked wearily forth
  On the March winds fretting the sea ;
And the snowdrop shivered and turned from the north,
  When my last love dawned for me.

It dawned with no promise of happier days,
  With no forecast of bliss to be—
But with blushes that reddened a stormy haze
  My last love dawned for me.

And the sun of July blazed laughter and scorn
  And a dead calm smothered the sea ;—
And the rose in her pride veiled canker and thorn,
  When my last love died for me.

It died unsoothed by the passing-bell,
  Without hope of a heaven to be :
But sullenly sure of a waking in hell,
  My last love died for me.

—as the "workers"—so-called and limited—are tempted and almost forced to do. On the other hand, a high official of the Board of Education actually regretted quite recently (as I feel sure Lord Haldane would never have done) that the ladder above referred to, when successfully climbed, was wont to estrange the climbers from their own class. In other words, *he* wished (if his wish is intelligible) to perpetuate a caste system of the most objectionable kind possible, by giving a continuous primary, secondary, and, I suppose, academic culture to the working class *by* itself, and so to keep it *to* itself.

Not such bad rhythm that, perhaps, but quite conclusive, to any one born a critic, that he wasn't born a poet. Somebody wanted to set it, and not only (as every good Christian should be) was afraid of "hell," but also wanted the word altered. Which was unthinkable in 1870, even if the versifier had had the least wish to see his name on a "drawing-room song"—which he had not. But after 52 × 52 weeks it may perhaps have its day out—in company with the story given elsewhere—*pour faire rire un peu mesdemoiselles les lectrices* of 1922.

XXXVII. *Pastiche Ampoulé* (*late 'Eighties*).—Here is another:

> Whoso shall look
> In what men call a book
> "Chapters" shall find, divided with much care,
> "Chapter the First" and "Chapters" everywhere,
> Ushered perhaps with mottoes, choice and fair.
>
> . . . . . .

But in that other Book of Life and Love
The chapters that begin
For weal, for woe, for sin—
Destined to end with wailing or with laugh—
Announce themselves in no such patent wise,
Start with no mottoes, warning to the eyes.
Only when they do end
Dost thou know foe from friend,
Good from ill fortune, cockatrice from dove—
So to select, in Epimethean guise,
Some colophon—perhaps some epitaph.

Again, not such a bad or stale idea perhaps, and not so vilely versified—but "not inevitable enough" by a long way. And when poetry is not inevitable, it is agreed by all good judges that it becomes eminently evitable, except by the patient student and the honest reviewer. In these two capacities I have met (not being able to avoid) myriads, if not millions, of lines like the above—lines which are just good enough to be told that they ought to be better. But if you must sacrifice children to any god, of criticism or anything else, it is at any rate more decent to

sacrifice your own, when you are doing it wilfully, than another's as examples. And you can abstain from increasing the family further.

XXXVIII. *Some States and Conditions of Games (furnishing also subjects for pictures suitable for the infuriation of modern art-critics)*:

(1) *Whist*—in the open air, with daylight, at midnight, on Midsummer Eve, by the sea.

(2) *Cat's-cradle*—on the stairs, at a dance, with other people raging below because they cannot get hold of your partner in this frivolous wickedness.

(3) *Piquet*. There are many arguments why this should be played *tête-à-tête*. Some are discreditable—as those which influenced Lord Castlewood's objections to lookers-on when he played with his cousin Harry. Some defensive, as when you may wish to protect yourself from confederacy. These affect the male sex only, or mainly; for though the card-sharper*ess* is not unknown, I do not think she often takes a front

hand in the Queen of card-games for two only. On the reasons for *tête-à-tête*-ness when you play with a lady " on the square," it cannot be necessary to dilate. They are not quite those which may have induced Mrs. Battle to agree (though rather half-heartedly) with the above estimate of the game itself; nor those which can have worked with the real Elia and the real Bridget; while as to the " pipkin "—as soon play in the presence of a witch's caldron! But any time will do, and I think the stage-directions of the *Tempest* are wrong. It was piquet, not chess, that Ferdinand and Miranda played.

XXXIX. *Two Hundred a Year.*—(" *Beatrice was not doomed to make her husband comfortable, to educate her children, to dress herself like a lady, and to exercise open-handed charity on an income of two hundred pounds a year* "—which income has just before been stated to be " *too often that of an English vicarage.*")

It so chanced that I was reading for the

*n*th time, the above passage in Anthony Trollope's *Dr. Thorne* only a day or two after seeing the same income, or practically the same, mentioned in connection with somewhat different duties and stations in life. It so happens, too, that £200 per annum held, for a very long time, a curiously standard position in relation to middle-class English life generally. Was it not on £200 a year (I am not quite sure) that the once famous Mrs. Warren "kept house," and her husband rebuked their neighbours for giving them suppers which they could not return? It was, indeed, about double what you, if you were a man, started life on as a government or other clerk, an ensign in the army, etc., etc.; and if you were a lady you could not, as a governess (your "only wear"), expect much more than the half, at any time of your servitude, though of course you had your keep as well, which the clerk and the ensign hadn't. But it was supposed to be enough to keep a tolerably economical youngster at Oxford; and if he was a good and clever and lucky

youngster, it was the average value of the fellowship to which he might aspire. If, on the other hand, he was driven to schoolmastering, he was likely to start (I did) at twenty pounds or so short of it; it was a *very* rare, if not unknown, honorarium for a beginning curate;[1] and those fatal "incumbencies" or "perpetual curacies" with which, and a jerry-built fane to each, the ecclesiastical reformers of the mid-nineteenth century burdened the Church of England after easing its own pockets of the cost—did not usually exceed £150. What I should have made if I had eaten twelve instead of only six dinners, and paid my hundred guineas to one of the many persons learned in the law, who would have been quite glad to have them, I cannot say—the double hundred of return would pretty certainly not have been reached at once or very quickly. As a matter of fact, I don't think I ever did make

[1] It was more likely to be half or less. Trollope himself puts it at £70 or £80. I can remember that £100 or £120 was not thought at all stingy.

more than £50 over the sacred sum till that Lady of Bounty, the Press, admitted me to her favour in my thirty-first year.

In this merry month of May, according to accounts which allege themselves to be official, the window-cleaners of the Poplar Workhouse got, or had recently gotten, to be as exact as possible, £200 a year (or rather, at £4 a week, £208). And they hadn't to educate their children, because it was done for them at other people's expense; and I don't suppose they dressed like anything so ineffably wicked as "ladies" and "gentlemen"; and if they exercised open-handed charity (the poor, unpoisoned by Socialist teaching, sometimes, as I know full well, *do*), it was in the teeth of that teaching which saith, "Thou shalt always receive, and never give."

But perhaps the window-cleaners pointed out to the kind Poplar Guardians that they *must* be able to look their neighbours in the face for suppers, and so got the extra £8.

XL. *Criticism : IV. Some " Blessed Words."*—The original " blessed word "—Mesopotamia—has turned out to be very costly in the literal sense. It is rather doubtful whether *all* " blessed words "—all terms that, without keeping the eyes sharply open as to their real meaning, are used currently and as catch-words—are not apt to be costly in another way. Certainly this has been the case in criticism; and nobody who knows anything about the history of that much-abused but actively practised art would dream of denying it. Only, as that history teaches also, the blessed words of the moment get themselves accepted as easily as accommodation bills—for a time, though too often with not dissimilar difficulties afterwards.

Just at this time two such words occur to me, as specially in this case—" Analysis " and " Significance." We are told that English critics have been in the past dreadfully slack and dull in analysing, while the French have been " brisk and fine " in it; and we are

admonished that we too often miss the significance of works of literary art. This is doubtless very sad, but before pleading guilty it might be well to examine a little—first, whether the facts are facts, and, secondly, whether the crimes are crimes.

Of course, in a certain sense, there can be no criticism without analysis of a kind. You must take your subject, in a manner, to pieces before you can give a reasoned account of its nature, its composition, or its merits. There have, of course, been examples—there was one particular example familiar to reviewers not so very many years ago—of extending mere *compte rendu*, without so much as an opinion of the goodness or badness of the subject, to whole volumes. There have been other and very numerous examples of a less astounding kind.[1] But this merely shows that there are many critics

[1] There was even at one time, if there is not still, a most mischievous practice in some schools of confounding an "Essay" on a book with an "Abstract" of it.

who are bad critics, and some who are not really critics at all. This melancholy phenomenon of incapacity, however, exhibits itself in all professions, trades, vocations, and employments besides criticism. What, I suspect, is really meant by the complainants is that until now, or at least recently, English critics have not busied themselves much with elaborately examining *according to certain specifications.* Now the question is whether we should not say, "So much the better!"

For these specifications almost invariably imply, on the critic's part, a previous *synthesis*—which he has made for himself or adopted from others, and according to which he conducts the analysis of his subject. When the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker objected to his Christian namesake Keats that there was not a complete couplet enclosing a complete thought in the whole of *Endymion*, he was analysing with a vengeance; but his analysis was worthless, because his previous synthesis, of a poem as it

should be, was wholly, or mainly, arbitrary? And I constantly see at the present moment, just as I have seen in the whole preceding history of criticism, judgments which are equally the result of attempting to take to pieces, looking for certain pieces anticipated, not finding them, and judging accordingly.

So again with "Significance." In more than one way, no doubt, the word has justifiable bearing. A thing that has no significance—no meaning—is a bad thing, or at least a useless one, of course. Again, a thing that is "insignificant" in the popular meaning of the word—that is to say, one that has no *special* significance or meaning—is, *in art*, not to be welcomed. We have to put up with such things in nature—for which we are not responsible and about the *back*-meaning of which, if they have one, we know nothing. But in *mimesis*—the artificial creation—we are wholly responsible, and if we waste our own time in making, and other people's in submitting to them, insignificant things, we

deserve, as Sam Weller would say, "to be whopped for it."

In the contexts, however, which we are now discussing, "Significance" seems itself to have an esoteric significance which is very questionable. Once more it would appear to have reference to something like the same arbitrary construction or assumption of a sort of misunderstood pseudo-Platonic set of "forms" to which works of art are bound to *con*form. And here again, as elsewhere, in the few critical notes given in this little book, as the result of long critical practice and rather wide critical study, one has to point out that critical, like other "Significance," requires two entities to enable it to come into existence, and that the minor sense of the critic is the only admissible mate to the major one of the author. If no more than this is meant, so be it. Even negative results are quite profitable when achieved on these lines—though they may tell us more about the criticiser than about the criticised. Peter Bell on the primrose,

Jeffrey on the daffodils, Mrs. Barbauld on *The Ancient Mariner*, Mr. George Brimley on *Mariana* "tell us a lot"—about themselves, if not much about their subjects. Others, or the same (for Jeffrey and Brimley at least were not bad critics), tell us a great deal about both when subject and reagent are working properly on each other. But I doubt whether any critic who starts with a notion of what the significance of his subject *ought* to be can ever be worth much, except by the special blessing of Providence. For his notion will prevent his seeing anything but that notion clearly, and will also tend to misrepresent such critical power as he might have shown without it.

XLI. *Little Necrologies: III. William Ernest Henley.*—As was hinted above, it is of hardly more than a single episode or chapter in Henley's life that I propose to write, though I saw him occasionally, and had letters from him more frequently, till the end of that life, and my ageing feet

"stumbled at graves" in the crypt of St. Paul's when the monument was put up to him.[1]

At about the time when I was "commencing journalist," one of those quaint *chevauchées* or raids, which alternately enliven and mortify aspirants, was started. As usual, if not always, the starter was a person with some mystery about him. He was a youngish man; rather good-looking; accustomed to wear the most beautiful striped silk socks, with very low shoes and rather short trousers to show them off, and *muni* (there is no exact English equivalent) on the occasion with the name of Caldwell Brown. But the late Lord Ardwell, better known in the north as Sheriff Jameson, told me that in a previous stage of existence as a student at Edinburgh he

[1] I had done some work for him in the *Magazine of Art* and perhaps elsewhere after *London*, besides the Montaigne of the *Tudors*, and he asked me to write for the *Scots Observer*. But I was then too regularly retained for the *Saturday Review*, of which it was a declared rival, though J. K. Stephen called it (in a fashion which, I fear, Henley would not have liked) "an *overflow S. R.*"

was known as *Glasgow* Brown. At that period he had acquired a rather brilliant reputation as a debater until some nasty person discovered that one at least of his most rocketing displays was a forced loan from Mr. Disraeli. Then he disappeared—reappearing some years later with a changed *praenomen*. By some means entirely unknown to me he got sums of money, from various leaders of the Tory party, to start a weekly paper, with the large but simple name of *London*. He was known to Lang and Stevenson, and the former introduced him to me—whence came my first political leader. (I had previously been confined to literary subjects, or to other non-political ones in papers on the wrong side politically.) But after a very short time "the Caldwell B.," as he used to be called, went to Mentone for his health, and, I think, died there; his *locum tenens* at first, his successor afterwards, being Henley, new come from hospital at Edinburgh.

Then we made things hum for a little. Lang

gave us stuff not much in quantity but infallibly good in quality. Stevenson, as it seemed to me, "found his lucky" with the *New Arabian Nights*;[1] Henley himself not only edited, but, like a new Mephistopheles, drew whatever liquors were wanted in all departments from his writing-table; and I did my humble best to see that the Whig dogs (or their successors) did not have the best of it. It was a merry time, and I have a most vivid mind-picture of the editorial room in Henley's reign. (In that of the mysterious one, things had mostly been done by letter, though he did once come and dine with me and my wife.) It lay back from the north side of the narrowest part of the Strand as it was, next to, or behind, what was then the chief shop in London for Devonshire cream. A squeezed passage took you to an apartment of fair size, but lighted only from above, and, I think, more

[1] Long afterwards, in 1890, he wrote to me from Sydney declaring that I was "the first person who encouraged him to publish his fiction in book-form." I had not cared much for his *miscellanea*.

scantily furnished than any other that I ever beheld. It would have triumphantly refuted "by anticipation" the youthful critics of imaginary Victorians for crowding their rooms with furniture. A matted floor, white-washed walls, a small deal table without a cover, and two rush-bottomed chairs, one of them with Henley in it and the other expectant of yourself, or already occupied by some one else, was all you saw when you came in. And from this issued the "Suicide Club," and poems of Lang's, such as one on "The Plumber and the Publisher," which I don't think were ever reprinted; and reviews of Henley's that were only to see the light again piecemeal, if ever; and diatribes of my own, as dead now as the lamb that the butcher butchered with horn-handled knife, but I daresay never as succulent; and all sorts of *entrefilets* to fill up corners. One of these, not mine, but flippantly prominent in my memory, was written by some one who had just seen, in one of the still numerous

travelling-gear shops of the neighbourhood, a large price-ticket—

COWHIDE GLADSTONE! ONLY 30S.,

which he reproduced with the comment—

"Very cheap at the price!"

In fact there was a good deal of schoolboyishness about *London*. I should think complete sets of it must be very rare now. I had one once myself; but a fiend of a servant (probably a lineal descendant of Herald Warburton's cook) destroyed it, with J. K. S.'s *Reflector*, the original numbers of *The Oxford Spectator*, copies of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, and other good stuff. *London* itself did not last very long, though it passed through one or two hands, and Henley had left it before it died. But I always like to think of him and of it together. For I did not know Stevenson *personally* till a little later; and Henley then was, if not at his best, certainly I think at his pleasantest. I never, as some people

did, found intolerable the waspishness which grew on him with increasing ill-health, some great sorrow, and perhaps the habit of giving little senates laws,[1] and which showed at its acutest in the unfortunate attack on Stevenson. But if not "*gey ill* to live with," he was certainly rather kittle to have anything to do with latterly. In the days of *London* things went wholly well; and I think in the Limbo of Dead Papers its shade converses kindly with the legendary *Castor* of Murger and the historical *Tobacco Plant* of James Thomson II.

XLII. *Luck.*—We are all fools according to Puck and Chapman; but it is surely not necessary to be irritating fools. And of all irritating fools some of the worst are the fools who pretend to

[1] It is only fair to say that the active and not the passive voice of the verb "to edit" was Henley's by nature. People said that latterly he dyed the hands of his "hands" too much of his own colour: I cannot say that in any dealings of the sort that I had with him he ever interfered with *me*. But he was not himself *animal editabile* (*edibile*, though perhaps more correct, would be ambiguous), and he never continued under the regiment of any editor long.

deny the existence of Luck. Everybody *not* a fool knows a hundred proofs of that existence; but I never heard a more curious instance than the following, which, as Dickens rather quaintly says about the small boy on the road to Gad's Hill, "I have every reason to believe to be true."

A "littery gent," let us call him X, was once asked to contribute an article of the biographical-critical kind to a certain publication, of which, if not exactly a "pillar," he was a minor support. He had written it and had, I think, but am not sure, sent it in, when the Editor wrote to him in something of a "quandary." It seemed that he had on divers occasions endeavoured to procure the major support of another man of letters, say Z, who *might* be called a pillar, but who was a self-willed column, and refused to write on any other subject than this one. And the end of it was that the article remained unused, without any degrading observation of the rule of "P.P."

However, it chanced, after no very long time, that X was asked, in another quarter, to edit

a certain part of the author who had been the subject of the article in question, and that the rejected document exactly fitted this as an "Introduction," so that it had a new chance of life, and, in fact, passed from the ante-natal state of "copy" into that of print and binding. But life is one thing and profitable life is another. The book was by no means still-born, but it sold very slowly, and it had been published under that system of profit-sharing which in some cases, though by no means all, means that there are no profits to share. (Let me observe that I myself have sometimes found much pleasanter results from it; but there is the leading case of Southey on the other side.) Anyhow this ill-fated tractate brought, in its second and accepted state, no more profit to its author than if it had remained, as after its first jilting, in his desk.

Years passed, and the author had an opportunity of publishing, for an assured sum, one of those volumes of collected Essays which

reviewers welcome, if they are in a good temper, as "*nice* confused feeding," and sneer at, if they are in a bad, as "twice-cooked cabbage," "door-tray pastry," "Monmouth Street[1] toggery," or anything else derogatory that their knowledge of life, literature, and history may suggest. He had, of course, to ask the leave of divers—perhaps half a dozen—publishers for this collection. All but one firm cheerfully, as usual, consented. The only refusal (no doubt a quite justifiable one) in the batch, and the only one of the kind he ever experienced in his whole life, concerned this obviously "*un*lucky" lucubration!

XLIII. *A Dream.*—"He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking" is a once well-known line of didactic verse. Like most didactic verse, it requires to be accepted with limitations. Talk of eating and drinking—especially the

[1] By the way, "Monmouth Street" *is* getting unknown. I saw not long ago a note in a school-edition of a classic showing that the writer had no notion of the site or nature of this *friperie* of not so very old London.

latter part—is sometimes very good talk indeed. Talk of dreaming can, in the hands of Landor or De Quincey, not to mention other poets or "prose-poets," be admirable, but is doubtless exposed to dangers. It may be Freudian and dirty; it may be commonplace and dull; generally speaking, the more interesting it is to the dreamer, the less it is likely to interest any one else. But there once was a dream which not only possessed the first appeal, but a sort of additional one arising from the fact that it seemed traceable to something in literature which the dreamer—although, or because, he was rather widely read—could not, and cannot, for the life and memory of him, identify.

He was standing at and leaning over a balustrade rather high above, and directly washed at foot by, the sea, which stretched right to the horizon. On that horizon rose a face which came over the waters, at first with features undiscernible, but rapidly changing into countenance after countenance, known and not hated. This

went on till it was almost touching the dreamer's own, when it suddenly changed again into hag-like or diabolic ugliness; and he—of course—woke. Now where, if anywhere, did Morpheus put that dream into head of poet or prose-writer before?

XLIV. *Politics: IV. An Improvable Argument.*—Not long ago a person of distinction observed that Karl Marx's economics[1] were "as obsolete as the sailing-ships in which he came over." Whether it was literally an "ill *wind*" that blew that mischief-maker here, and not some other ship-propelling force, does not matter. But the comparison was better meant than carried out. In the first place, sailing craft are not in the least obsolete, and by the blessing of God never shall be so until there be no more sea or river, and when coal

[1] As I have never published, with my name, any book on this subject it may not be superfluous to say that during the whole of my last year at Oxford I read it for those "Second Schools" which I was prevented from actually taking, and that in my journalist time I was constantly reviewing (which with me meant reading) books about it.

and oil are used up. In the second, the Marxian economics are not so much obsolete—they are, indeed, apparently rather flourishing just now—as things that never had any real existence—phantasms, will-o'-the-wisps.

At one time of my life I had to give a good deal of attention to Political Economy, and I have never ceased to wonder how any intelligent person, not positively hallucinated by *non*-economic political craze, could see in *Das Kapital* anything but the result of a similar craze in the author. Capital, if it does not actually *precede* labour, emerges directly labour begins, is necessary to labour on any scale, and if forcibly redistributed or confiscated will dwindle and perish, taking labour with it. Lastly, is it not rather a profanation to compare one of the most beautiful things in the world—perhaps the most beautiful which is not a work of nature—a sailing boat or ship, to one of the most hideous of imaginations—a "proletarian" world, with no variety, no "quality," nothing noble, ancient, memorial in

it; but in theory simply a gigantic sty of evenly-fed swine, in practice a den of fratricidal and cannibalic monsters?

XLV. *The Greek Romances.*—On the only occasion when I met the late Dr. Rutherford, sometime Headmaster of Westminster, he expressed a rather urgent wish that I should write something about the Greek Romances. But it was just when I was getting into the thickest of my business as a journalist, and all my spare time was taken up with editing, or writing, books of other kinds. Moreover, I felt (though Rutherford very amiably combated this idea) that I might by that time be regarded as something of a *reformado* by the regulars of classical scholarship. So it did not come off; and I have never been able to do more with the subject than glance at it in connection with later fiction.

Yet these romances deserve to be much better known than they are; and though I suppose in a few years not many more people will be

able to read them in the originals than can now read hieroglyphs, prose fiction is more patient of translation than any other kind of prose literature. Of course there is Bohn—the useful Bohn—and there is Courier for Longus, and my friend Mr. Whibley's "Tudor" reprint of Underdowne for *Theagenes and Chariclea*. Also there is a praiseworthy American dissertation on most of the set by Mr. Wolff. But a complete new version of the whole from *Daphnis and Chloe* to *Hysminias and Hysmine* (*Ismenias and Ismene*, as it is sometimes phonetically spelt), with rather copious introductions and annotation, would be a very desirable thing, and I think I should for once suspend my objection to translations, as, indeed, having made two such translations of French novels myself, I could not well help doing.

Longus and Heliodorus deserve, no doubt, their traditional "first class" in some ways, but I am not sure that Achilles Tatius (*Cleitophon and Leucippe*) and Eustathius (*Hysminias and Hysmine*) would not interest modern readers,

with a slight "high-brow" touch, most, and would not afford a modern commentator most scope. The first-named book has, indeed, some ugly blots, morally speaking, but that is no drawback in "modern" eyes, and it is redeemed for others by more effective and unconventional character-drawing than any of the rest can boast.[1] *Hysminias and Hysmine* is a dull book as far as story goes, and its style would not be easy to bring out in English. But for that very reason it would please some readers and writers very much, and arouse in them delighted reminiscences, now of Mr. George Meredith, now of Mr. Henry James. Indeed this twelfth-century Byzantine may almost be said to be the father not only of all those who (as Crébillon wickedly said of Marivaux) "marry to each other words that never so much as thought of being acquainted," but of all those (the same or others) who regard

[1] The *other* Xenophon's *Anthia and Abrocomas* is not at all contemptible, though it is less often referred to than some of the rest, and has, indeed, been pronounced, like *The Ancient Mariner*, "improbable."

expression as a game of hide-and-seek, and the Maze at Hampton Court as a model for all designers of motive and character.

There is, moreover, something to be done with these romances which, unless I mistake, has never been done yet—and that is, to compare them both with those Western ones which my friend Mr. Courthope thought (as, *I* think, mistakenly) to be indebted to them, *and* with those of the East. Such a story as that of Zumurrud and Ali Shahr (not in the more Vulgate *Nights*, but to be found in Lane by those who do not wish to feel unclean until the evening after meddling with Payne or Burton or Mardrus) suggests all sorts of interesting processes and results as compared with sagas and *chansons de gestes* on the one side and these Lower Greek stories on the other. It was one of the things which made me regret that I never came across my old school-fellow, and more recent colleague in the British Academy, Sir Charles J. Lyall, after his return from India—though I do not know whether he

paid as much attention to Arabian romance as to Arabian poetry.

Anyhow the field is an attractive one, and I do not think many claims have been pegged out on it, except a little spade-work in modern editions of Dunlop. But, alas! it is not for me.

XLVI. *Red Hair.*—It is curious how seldom, in the constantly repeated controversies about the beauty or ugliness of this head-covering, notice is taken of the fact that it is mainly a matter of sex. With apologies to any male friends of mine (I cannot remember many) who may have been entitled to the name of Rufus, I am bound to say that I never knew any man who would not have looked better with hair of any other colour.[1] On the other hand, red hair in girls and women is often—I think much more often than not—perfectly charming. Brick-dust

[1] The heroic commander of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars no doubt was an exception; but I never had the happiness to meet him, though, according to Lancelot Wagstaffe, Esq., *alias* M. A. Titmarsh, *alias* W. M. Thackeray, he was alive in July 1845, only three months before I was born.

red, with no gloss, is ugly enough, no doubt; but then all hair—except a very peculiar kind of black—requires gloss. Every other shade, from the lightest nasturtium to the darkest auburn chestnut, can be beautiful. This Venice knew, and long before it, I think, the Greeks. "The Romans, Mr. Feeder," did not like red hair, but the Romans were people of very doubtful taste in many, if not most, points of aesthetics. (As for the Judas connection, that is itself probably Latin.) Our own sixteenth century, with Gloriana to help, was at least in two minds about it—even hits at "the red-haired wench" probably implied allurement as much as poison. The seventeenth inclined still more—from various similes it is clear that "golden" often meant red; besides, the seventeenth was delightfully catholic in points of taste—it had the sense to praise green eyes, which to this day are subjects of popular blundering.[1] Swift's savage and dearly

[1] I cannot remember whether any novelist has had the pluck to give his heroine green *hair*, though poets may have endowed mermaids and sirens with

paid-for lampoon on the Duchess of Somerset probably influenced the eighteenth, which, however, latterly at least, compounded handsomely for "auburn"; and since the beginning of the nineteenth, still more from the Pre-Raphaelite revolt, red hair has come fairly into its own—*for* its own—that is to say, women.[1]

The most beautiful red hair I ever saw, though I have seen not a few beautiful specimens, was that of an Irish girl, not pretty otherwise, who used some forty years ago to sell fruit on the low bridge at Newcastle-on-Tyne. She sold oranges, and her politics may have been Orange likewise. "But oh! her tresses were far more rare," in the same key, for they were genuine orange-lily colour. I never saw anything like them. If my late friend and chief, Principal Sir William Turner, had beheld them, I believe

it. I have seen two specimens of it in my life, both very pretty, but belonging to unknown wearers. One was a sort of leaf- (but not *grass*-) green, the other green-gold, like sea-water with sunlight in it.

[1] The nineteenth also invented *Eau de Nil*, the colour of colours to go with red hair.

he would somehow or other have got hold of a specimen to go with that curious collection of his in one of the Edinburgh museums, which, like the Roman girl's hair at York, must have set many a man murmuring to himself—after Swift, once more, but in a very different vein—words unnecessary to repeat here.

XLVII. *Education: V. The Three Best Instruments.*—If I say that, in my fairly expert opinion, the three best instruments of education (after the purely preliminary three R's, etc., and some grammar) are Greek, Euclid, and Formal Logic, I may possibly be accused of "captiousness," "waywardness" (my guiltless head knows both these "'arf-bricks"), "die-harding" (ditto), or even (but God forbid) of the puerile and provocative paradox which, though generally in a different direction, has been the curse of the latest nineteenth and earliest twentieth centuries, but which seems—thank Heaven!—to be going a little out of favour now with the best of the juniors.

No accusation could be less well founded. As I have ventured to point out, more than once, I have, by no merit of my own, but by the gift of Providence, or Fortune—whichever anybody prefers—had opportunities of teaching, of learning, and of abstaining from teaching [1]—though, I hope, never from learning—in a variety of kinds, circumstances, and subjects, rather uncommonly vouchsafed to an individual. This Robertus may have all sorts of negative defects and positive faults, but he *is* fairly *expertus*; and his conclusion on the matter is that nothing in learning has ever done him so much good as the three studies mentioned; while nothing in teaching has seemed so effectual for really *educating* others—that is to say, training as well as feeding, developing as well as stocking their minds and faculties.

Both Euclid and (to get something as comfortably personal, let us say) Aldrich have of

[1] But not from criticising it in twenty years of free-lance and other journalism, with not infrequent examining work even in that time.

late been much smitten in the houses of those who should have been their friends. Or perhaps one should rather say that those who should have been their friends have invaded *their* houses as enemies, with the intent of slaying or taking possession. Never mind that. The names and the things for which they stand—Plane Geometry and Formal Logic—represent two closely allied though formally different systematisations and illustrations of the same process—Reasoning. Every proposition of Euclid is really a set of foreshortened but illustrated syllogisms, and most things in Aldrich could be (I am not sure that they have not been) so illustrated. The two probably appeal, in some cases at any rate, to different intellects and temperaments : for myself, I think both acted together as a sort of pair of flesh-brushes, to fortify and freshen the flesh of one's mind. And really I have sometimes thought that the unpopularity of both just now is at least connected with, if it does not exactly account for, the peculiar *sloppiness* of thinking which is so

common at the present day. If it is ethically wrong to make paralogisms intentionally, it is intellectually unpardonable to make them *un*-intentionally; and though, no doubt, we have plenty of the first kind, I am afraid we have much more than plenty of the second. Now if anything is sovereign for *these*, it was once, if it is not now, sold at the shops of Alexandria and Oxford.

Yet, after all, both of them are in a way but subdivisions—special functions or departments—of Greek itself, and it may be said to "subsume" and include them. I do not know—and I do not believe that anybody knows—any single "subject," as we call it, in language, literature, art, or science which approaches Greek in the validity, variety, and virtue of the powers and influences which it exercises and brings with it in education. As for the literature, it would be absurd and impertinent to dilate on that here. The greatest in the world, except English, it has, by a strange mixture of good

and bad luck, a quality of selection, of *essence*, which our own ocean of treasure and rubbish necessarily lacks. In matter it is the source to this day of all our kinds; in form, the unsurpassed model of most of them. But for purposes of education, it is the language itself that counts most of all.

For combination of Order and Freedom, Beauty and Strength, nothing can touch it. As for the first pair, Latin is a great deal too orderly, and English, I fear, rather too free; as to the second, we must go to individuals, such as Dante or Shakespeare, not to their languages and literatures as wholes, to match it. Probably for very young children, and for a time, Latin *grammar* ought to be, as it once was, the only wear; but as soon as their brains get a little developed and disciplined, Greek is better, from its astonishing union of system in accidence with idiom in syntax and elasticity in prosody. And the good effect increases with the boy's years. I cannot "spot" any definite episode of my own

education (except another some years later, when Prantl's *Geschichte der Logik* was the chief instrument) which whetted my own mind so effectually as the following. I had tried at Oxford for one scholarship and missed it (as an obliging examiner told a sort of friendly trainer of mine) by not very much—chiefly by weakness in some points of technical "scholarship." I was recommended to give up ordinary school-work for a month or two and tackle the big Jelf-Kühner Grammar as if it were a single text. That it made me what is esoterically called a "scholar," I cannot say. I am sure it made me a critic. The relation of the myriad examples to the rules they illustrated or excepted themselves from, *combined with their intrinsic literary beauty*, was enough for me, just as later were the *quare-quale-quiddities* of scholasticism. I suppose some people find the same sort of mind-sharpener in mathematics—I have myself allowed Mathesis her right in this way as far as Geometry goes. But that nymph has not the infinite *bonus* of

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Beauty that Greek reserves in her literature, or the multifold advantages and conveniences of practical application which are provided by Logic. " She hath no breasts "—at least I always found them rather dry.[1]

XLVIII. *Evasions and Eruptions.*—If there should be any Cambridge man who reads this book and is offended by my beginning this note with a Cambridge story—let me apologise for laying a *pro hac vice* Philistine hand on his ark. My excuse must be that I never saw the story in print, and that if, as my informant said, the chief figure was Dr. King, President of Queens', father of the late Rev. Bryan King, victim at St. George's in the East of some of the most absurd,

[1] No ignorant and absurd contempt is intended as to other " subjects." I am not likely to belittle English or Modern languages and literatures, though I think the classical tongues are better for educative purposes, and should certainly come first. Every well-educated person should have a competent Atlas in his head ; and as for History, " for example of life and instruction of manners," for warning of the future and advising as to the present by the lessons of the past, there is nothing like it. But these and some other things are rather furniture of the mind's house than instruments for its discipline and development, such as the above article discusses.

unjust, and ignorant obloquy of recent times,[1] I had the luck to know the son and his family well enough years ago to give me a special interest in the legend of the sire.

It seems that a wicked man had been, not breaking into, but breaking out of that most delightful example (barring, perhaps, Hurstmonceaux) of old English red-brick building, by climbing its garden walls. He was caught, whether in egress or regress, I know not, and had up for judgment before the President. That dignitary duly dilated on the academic, ethical, and other heinousnesses of the case, but diverged somewhat unexpectedly into another aspect of the matter. "And moreover, sir, you exposed your person [the walls having broken glass or some other deterrent on them] to serious danger. *In MY time, sir, we always took a saddle with us when we went over that wall.*"

When I heard this story first my mind recurred to another which, I think, I can warrant

[1] Dickens showed himself at his worst on this matter.

to be quite new, which concerns my own University, and which, if less pointed in its words, is even more pictorial. It is said that once upon a time, not a single malefactor, but a company of three, attempted a similar evasion or eruption from no matter what college at Oxford. The impediments here were not broken glass, but spiked railings. And it so happened that, by ill-fortune, one spike penetrated the reverse side of the nether garments of one of the adventurers, impaling him, by good fortune not to effusion of blood, but in a state of detention nearly as complete as that of the bean-stacks, by the side of the Save or the Drave or the Danube, or whatever it was, which once induced a certain dignitary of the Church of England to denounce Turkish atrocities. Obviously the victim could not free himself, and it was a rather ticklish task for his two fellow-misdemeanants to raise him sufficiently to extricate the intrusive spike, and not to endanger him further in letting him down again. Also it occurred to them what an extremely facetious

variant of the Old Master pictures of Aaron and Hur supporting Moses the subject would furnish to an artist.

Indeed a diptych, illustrating the two anecdotes I have just given, would be (except to the present-day critics, who say that pictures must *not* tell stories) an agreeable thing to look at, and a graceful combined compliment to the two Universities, as portraying the aspirations of their youthful members for that noble thing, Freedom.

XLIX. *A Humanist Florilegy.*—Endeavouring, some twenty years ago, to make a slight sketch of Renaissance literature, I ventured to hope that some one would give us a new and fairly full collection-selection of Modern Latin verse. But nobody, I think, has done it, and every year makes it more probable that it will not be done, first, because there will be fewer people to want it; secondly, because there will be still fewer to do it; thirdly, and worst of all,

because there will be more and more Obscurantist agencies, whether they call themselves "Labour," "Science," "Social Progress," or what not, to exclaim at expenditure on anything but themselves. The thing could hardly pay as what people call now a commercial proposition, and the Universities—not to mention that Latin may soon follow Greek *thence*—are in small case to undertake such jobs at this moment. Had I known *another* amiable millionaire[1] who would pay for print, paper, and binding, and had I not for the whole time had my hands full with other things, literary and unliterary, I should have tried to do it myself.

For this Modern Latin verse has a considerable and, what matters still more, a peculiar and idiosyncratic attraction of its own, which, in the most interesting way, differs strikingly from that of its Classical and that of its Mediaeval predecessors. If people will have their nasty "class-lists," it is of course inferior in certain

[1] *V. sup.* "The Greek Anthology," p. 70.

respects to both. You will need a long walk and a large lantern—indeed, your boots will be in tatters and your oil-reservoirs like those of the Foolish Virgins—before you find in it the magnificence of Lucretius, the poignancy of Catullus, the special felicity (it *has* its own) of Horace, or the marvellous polish of Virgil. Nor will you have much better luck in a quest after the strange magic of the Latin hymns, or the unique farce (though "farce" is not the proper word) of the Goliardic poems and the *Carmina Burana*. But—to repeat once more the unceasingly repeated and as unceasingly neglected First Law of Criticism—B is not bad because it is not A, however good A may be.

Further, both the Classical (in the widest sense) and the Mediaeval divisions are easily accessible in mass or selection, while this is as far as possible from being the case with the Modern. Neither of the two chief English collections—that rather mysteriously attributed to Pope some two hundred years ago, and the

more recent Oxford one of the early nineteenth century—is a common book—though when you *can* get them they are not expensive—and neither is anything like full enough. The little *Deliciae* of the earlier seventeenth are small volumes in length and breadth, but are so in virtue (or vice) of excruciatingly small print and excessive fatness, while they leave three centuries of still more modern verse unsampled. If you add recent Continental editions, you will begin to fill a not small book-case: and to complete it with English examples from Addison to the present day, you will have to be an expert book-hunter as well as buyer.

Nevertheless, no one can be considered an expert in letters unless he knows this curious division, which exhibits—after a fashion unparalleled so far as I know—the progress of a particular literary phenomenon, and not only its progress, but something like its "coming full circle." Classical Latin poetry was, as we know, largely artificial, though with an artifice which

reached very perfect art of its kind. Mediaeval reduced—or at least altered—the art, but flooded its results with wonderful and complicated life, so that the passion of the *Dies Irae*, in one way, and of that miraculous paraphrase[1] of the *Canticles*, which sums up profane as well as Divine love, in another, is something quite new. But this came from the fact that Latin was a real vernacular to those who wrote the things, and that they were not imitating anybody except (to "bull" it a little) themselves and the Bible. With the Renaissance, imitation came back, but of a different kind, and its influence has been more and more increasing as Latin has become less and less of a living language. Thus each

[1] "An amor dolor sit,
An dolor amor sit,
Utrumque nescio.
Hoc unum sentio—
Jucundus dolor est
Si dolor amor est."

I do not know in what other language to find such a combination of neatness and sweetness in phrase, of terseness and unmonotonous tautology in words, of simplicity and poignancy in music.

stage has a different spirit in it, and each spirit achieves a different literary result.

In the last—the stage for more access to which I am pleading—there are some things, of course, for which you must not look, or which, if you are unreasonable enough to look for them, you will not find. From Politian and Secundus, and that infamous scoundrel, but admirable scholar, Buchanan, to such recent writers (it would be invidious to name living ones) as my old "comrade of college," Edward Conolly, you will find nothing of the pagan majesty of Lucretius or the Christian majesty of the *Dies*, of the pagan tenderness of Catullus' *Ave frater* or the Christian tenderness of the *Stabat Mater* and the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*. But you will find in every part of Europe, from England to Poland, from Sicily to the Netherlands,[1] a survival of the neatness,

[1] France, the most literary of all Latin nations in the vernacular, is perhaps the weakest here in the ancestral tongue. There is some clever stuff, partly of a ferocious political kind, in sixteenth-century French-Latin, but Santeul, its biggest man of this kind in the seventeenth, is, I fear, having a bad time in Purgatory for modernising the Breviary hymns.

the felicity, the "compact enchantment" (to borrow and abstract from the least as a scholar of all great English writers about, as it happens, a French woman) of old and middle Latin itself. For a certain kind of *style* in verse—not the highest, not the kind that I like best myself, but at least one of the most perfect in its own scale and scheme—there is nothing like Latin. And this I say, as never having been able to write it well myself, though able, I think, pretty well to appreciate the charm of it, and acquainted (again, I think, I may say pretty well) with that wonderful range of it which far outruns that of verse in any other Western tongue. It is this acquaintance and this appreciation which I should like to see extended and fortified in others.

L. *Θανάτῳ ζημιούσθω.*—Aged Oxonians will remember that when the controversy (not *quite* a pretty one on either side[1]) about the salary

[1] The statement which I find in a famous book of reference that Jowett was "deprived for ten years of the emoluments of his office" is unhistorical

of the Chair of Greek was going on, Professor Jowett, very strategically, gave, not merely public *lectures*, but private essay-hearings to pairs of men in the Greats stage from colleges other than Balliol. It chanced once that such a pair attended with essays that he had set on the *Laws*, and Plato's attitude therein to State religion. One of the two was a very wise and admirable man, destined to attain, and deserve, the best and highest positions in the Church, and a high one in the State, of his country. The other, if he did not quite deserve Mr. Lang's description—or was it Mr. Traill's?—of a more celebrated person—

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and, in fact, neutralised by another, which, I think, the *Times* of the period made, that those emoluments were "not as much as Dr. Pusey gives his butler." How did "the Jupiter," as it was then, know this? But of course the Jupiter knew everything *then*. I had at least one opportunity (see the last section but one of this little book) of asking Dr. Pusey *and* the butler. Some journalists of the present day would, I suppose, have done so. At any rate both the butler and the professor knew what their "emoluments" were when they took office, and could not complain if these were not increased. But that it was not *quite* the game to refuse a bonus on a certainly inadequate "screw," for reasons unconnected with the work done, I see perhaps rather more clearly now than I did then.

Charles Stewart was a wicked boy,
To break commandments was his joy,

was afflicted with the too frequent undergraduate fondness for breaking eggs, without any hope of making omelettes of them or fear of their turning out cockatrice-kind. So he arranged his essay (these precious compositions were read *to*, not *by*, the examiner) with great care, so as elaborately to lead up to, and emphatically at more than one paragraph end to enounce, in the original Greek, the Platonic sentence of death on dissenters. His companion shook at his side with suppressed laughter, but Jowett, though he did not interrupt, got up and walked up and down the room rather briskly. At the end the essayist and the Professor held the following dialogue:

Professor (*in his peculiar snapping tone*). "And do you agree with Plato?"

Undergraduate. "I shouldn't *dare* to disagree with Plato."

Professor (*with a sharper snap than before*). "Then I *don't* agree with him."

The late Dr. Appleton (founder of *The Academy* of chequered but not unblessed memory), on hearing this story told—in conversation—said that "Everybody had done that to Jowett." Possibly; but it is well known that "everybody" is sometimes an *alias* for "nobody." He could not specify any additional claimant, and I have never heard of any, so, as if not wholly creditable to the youngster it seems to me not unamusing, it may perhaps be published as a thing that happened "sixty years since."

LI. *Criticism: V. "The Devil take all Theories!"*—When somebody adopted some years ago the above sentence (in the original German) of the Austrian dramatist, poet, and critic, Grillparzer, as a motto for a part of a book about criticism, he was gravely rebuked by other somebodies. It was not because he used a forbidden language, or praised the speakers of it generally; for it was some ten years before the war, and his expressed opinion of German criticism was, at that impartial

time, pretty low. But the exclamation of Grillparzer (whose centenary the other day evoked far too little notice in England) was shocking, and the adoption of it fatally revelatory of defects in the adopter.

Was it so? Θεωρία itself is indeed a word of might as well as of beauty. I wonder it has not been adopted as a girl's name. My friend Mr. Lang and I once agreed that if either of us had a daughter, we should like to call her "Voluptas" (after Miss Cupid-and-Psyche), were it not that the final *s* would hiss terribly before the initial of *my* surname and the whole of the last syllable clash hideously with the vowel-sound of *his*. There could be no such objection to Theoria, which would be a pretty addition (though with a different ancestry) to the already pretty company of "Theo"s, and the only other objection that I can think of—that the lady would, one hopes, be the object of honorific embassies, instead of, according to the Greek, being one herself—is trifling.

But our modern "theories" are too often as remote from the abstract sense ("seeing" or "vision") of the original Greek as from its derived ones of "travelling" ("going to see") in general and of special delegations to festivals and the like. We do indeed keep the antithesis of "theoretic" and "practical," but I don't remember many Greek instances of the former word and its connections being used as definitely equal to "*un*practical." Now this faulty opposition is so common to-day that it almost justifies a thing in itself faulty (and quite different from what is being advocated here) the vulgar contempt of "theoretical" things.

Theory founded on practice is as good a thing as can be, but it is also an uncommonly rare one, at least in aesthetics; physics, to do them justice, do not discourage it, at least "*in* theory"—though perhaps they do so more than formerly. But criticism of all kinds—biblical and artistic, I should say, most of all; musical (as far as an almost complete outsider as regards technique

may judge) pretty badly; dramatic rather too much; and literary with increasing eagerness—simply wallows in theories adopted almost independently of study of fact—theories made by fancy synthesis and put in control of corresponding analysis—card-castles, or rather cobwebs of rule and scheme and system. To such theories the Devil is most heartily welcome—though one hopes, of course, that he will not deal too severely with the amiable theorisers.[1]

Two points closely connected with the present subject were suggested to me by a writer for whom I have a great respect, in his pleas that present-day critics might *feel* less, but that they *thought* more, than some predecessors of theirs, and that they attach more importance to *reality*.

Now, as to increased "thinking," let us—admitting the fact for the argument's sake only—consider first whether thinking is not to be

[1] It was some time after writing this that I read a review of one of our youngest critics by one of our slightly older. It was highly laudatory, but started with a significant "hedge": "The defect, if any, is that it is too abstract." One for Grillparzer and me, I think.

judged rather by its quality than its quantity; and then whether, as compared with feeling, it has not a certain fallaciousness. If you feel (I admit that there is vice as well as virtue in that "if"), you *do* feel, and no mistake. There is no such certainty about "thinking." And as to "reality," the fallaciousness is even greater. What *is* reality? That which appears to be real at one time is declared (we should not have to go far for instances) to be utterly unreal at another; and, for my part, I should say that nothing but a relentless comparison of what has seemed real at different times can ever give one even an inkling of what reality is. The more real anything seems to be at any particular moment and to any particular individual—still more to any body of individuals—the more I should suspect it.

LII. *Sausages.*—It is one of the common tricks or blunders (according as the person committing it is, well, let us say trickster or blunderer) of the decriers of Toryism to assume that its pro-

fessors *always* run down the present and cry up the past. Of course this is not true. In respect of things of nature, I do not suppose that there has been much or any difference. There were probably never prettier girls, or kittens, or roses than there are at present ; I do not believe that there ever were braver men than those who fought at Ypres and Zeebrugge ; and (rash as this may seem) I doubt whether there ever were greater fools than those we have with us. But when you pass from the works of God to those of men, the case is altered.

The student of history knows that the goodness of poetry, wine, sculpture, flannel, and many other things has, or must have, varied considerably. But personally I do not know anything which has, during my own lifetime, experienced so severe and so prolonged a decadence as the article which was sold by that admirable person who out-Cleoned Cleon (O for him to be in England now !) ; which, becoming alive, supplied the loyal subjects of Queen Niphleseth ;

which formed, in another sense, the subject of part of one of the pleasantest essays of Charles Lamb; and which was judiciously selected by King Valoroso as the solid of his breakfast to the Prince of Crim Tartary.

What has come to—I had almost said what has become of—sausages? Indeed the last phrase would seem to be most applicable to that admirable variety, the Oxford Sausage (much herbed, skinless, and moulded into sausage-shape only just before cooking), which was not to be found the last time I ordered it there. The common or skin-provided kind is, of course, still common in the other sense; but, alas! it is even more "common" in a third. The last sausage that I remember as worthy of its ancient popularity was produced at Sidmouth in one of the early 'eighties. Any one who possesses astronomical records may identify the exact year from the fact that in the autumn there was an unusually fine eclipse of the moon. My lodgings had a balcony looking straight over the Channel, and

high up. It was a magnificent night, and the watching of the occultation and resurrection of

Our Lady wan and marvellous

was something for any of her children to remember. But I do not think enjoyment of the sausages next morning was incongruous. They were made by an old lady (could she have been a descendant of Mrs. Partington ?) who lived in a by-lane, and did nothing else but make them.

But their representatives else- and everywhere to-day ! The worst I don't believe Lamb's chimney-sweeps would have condescended to eat : the best are hopelessly degenerate—even when they are not messed up with tomatoes, and when their integuments do not remind one of india-rubber, or, worse still, of shipping news about vessels loaded with so many thousand barrels of salted sausage-skins from Australia or the Argentine. Sometimes they appear to be made of nothing but bread-crumbs and fat ; very seldom do they possess any satisfactory flavouring, and

almost never do they afford the least suggestion of another and even greater Agnism—to wit, Roast Pig![1]

A good deal of this decadence may be due to the ever-present curse of factory and machinery: for the further you get from individual plain-handwork the worse everything becomes—and especially everything eatable or drinkable. Something more may be owing to ill-breeding, ill-feeding, and ill-keeping of the pigs themselves—*beef* sausages, let it be mentioned in passing, are, and always were, an abomination.[2] But whatever be the cause or causes, the grievous fact remains, that not even in Lancashire, where they specially delight in sausages, and where you still, perhaps, get the least bad—not even in Cambridge, the highly respectable name whereof

[1] May I warn enthusiasts who take this solemnly—and, like Mr. Pepys and his wife, "sit down hand to fist to a good pig"—that Lamb *mistook the sauce?* It should be bread-sauce with currants in it: a combined tribute to the innocence of the child-pig and guard against its slight tendency to over-richness.

[2] I have never been able to understand how so good a thing as beef can become so vile.

is stolen and prostituted shamelessly all over the country in connection with them—do you get such things as, I should imagine, Tom Brown toasted, or, as I know, my old woman of Sidmouth manufactured what time the moon glimmered or gloomed over the Channel waves.

LIII. *Tennyson the Brigand.*—One had thought that, by the present time, even the twentieth century had exhausted its indictments against the abandoned poetaster and poet-laureate who for more than sixty years persisted in writing verse that scanned and rhymed and parsed; in producing poetry that was sense, and sense that was poetry; in being an Englishman of Englishmen; in "spurning the vulgar," and so forth. But not long ago one was mildly surprised to learn that he "dressed like a brigand," and so invited the popular attention which he pretended to dislike. Now Tennyson certainly did not wear a steeple-crowned hat adorned with ribbons, or variegated puttees like those which decorated

and discomforted Mr. Tupman. I have never heard, in his case, of the jacket with the three-inch tail which so nearly brought on a fratricidal or parricidal contest, or of a stiletto. So it must have been the cloak—which he *did* wear.

Now the worst of the just-mentioned twentieth century, in spite of its many better qualities, is that it so often doesn't *know*. This is really not its fault, for its predecessor, long before its own decease, introduced that process of cramming with heterogeneous and undigested "education" which is more fatal to knowledge than no education at all. The reason why Tennyson wore a cloak is not in the least recondite—to mention one easy source of information, Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* will give it to any intelligent person. In the future Poet-Laureate's early days we were, as we so often have been, "taking up" certain interesting foreigners who were making themselves a nuisance in their own countries. In this instance they were Spaniards, and perhaps had a little more to say for themselves than has been the

case with some others. With the history of the particular affair we need not trouble ourselves, for, once more, is it not written in, if not the best, the least provocative and most attractive of the books of Thomas the Master? It was tragic in such cases as poor Boyd's; tragi-comic and a little worse in Sterling's own; followed by an admirable future in Archbishop Trench's, etc.

But it particularly interested Tennyson's Cambridge friends: and, what is more, the sad and stately refugees, clad in their cloaks, took the fancy of London. Any one who knows the portraits of the 'twenties or early 'thirties should know how frequently these cloaks appear in them. (My own father, who was neither a poet nor a *poseur*, is represented on canvas in one.) Now I suppose Tennyson, having taken to the garb, knowing, as he must have done, that he looked well in it, and finding it comfortable, did not, like the sensible man he was, think it necessary to discard it when it went out of fashion. In which course of conduct, whether it immediately

concerns cloaks or anything else, all sensible men should follow him. Women ought, I think, to follow fashion, unless it happens distinctly to *non*-suit them. To any *man's* tailor, bootmaker, hatter, or haberdasher, when he says, "It's not worn now, sir," the only answer should be, "Oh yes, it is. I wear it."

LIV. *Politics: V. Cabbage-Sticks.*—People who have lived in the Channel Islands, and people who have only visited them—from voyagers on stately yachts to what the islanders used to call "five-pounders"—know the cabbage-stick—the stalk, dried, varnished, and variously prepared, of the tall, indigenous cabbage. To look at, it is quite comely and almost imposing—its knots suggesting vigour and its gloss almost giving beauty. It is light, of course, and so long as you use it merely as a walking-stick to flourish, and even tap the ground with, it will, as the advertisements say, "give complete satisfaction." But if you try it too high, even though the

height be moderate—if, say, you fix it in the side of a bank and endeavour to pull yourself up by it—a snap, a collapse, and perhaps the spectacle and sound of a gentleman on his back uttering comminatory language, will illustrate the immutable but constantly ignored fact that you can't play tricks with Nature.

In the abstract, of course, everybody knows this; indeed *My Cabbage-Sticks* would be a fair metaphorical title for at least some chapters in any rational being's autobiography. Yet, as a humble but lifelong student of politics, may I ask whether there was ever such a Cabbage-Stick as the League of Nations? So tall! so polished! so finely knotted! so suggestive of a real oak-plant! and so certain to crack at the first serious strain!

LV. *Mr. Midshipman Easy.*—I had for some time made a note to include something on this golden book in this other, my copper one, when, not at all to my displeasure, I read two different

tributes to Marryat in newspapers—one by Mr. Squire, the other by some good man whose identity escapes me. More power to their elbows !

The goodness and the grace, again acknowledged elsewhere, acquainted me with the book very early, and it has throughout my life (though at the moment I haven't got a copy of it, and hardly need one) been to me what *Moll Flanders* was to Borrow's old woman, and perhaps something more. Nor can I imagine any book more likely to eradicate from the rising generation, and replace with healthier growth, certain weeds which flourish at present. A more *English* book, as far as it goes, I do not know, and the rest of such Englishness as God gave us—to produce, or at any rate enjoy, say Spenser or Donne, Shelley or Keats—will, *experto crede*, find no difficulty in keeping company with it.

It is not only Marryat's most *flawless* book (for, though the best of *Peter Simple* is its equal, nearly all the pother about the Privilege succession

is by turns extravagant and dull), but it is one of the flawless books of its own order in literature, and its complete contempt of all "rules" saves it from the too frequent drawback of flawlessness —to wit, insipidity. From Sarah's memorable plea, "It was a *very* little one," through Mr. Bonnycastle's admirable casuistry (or ca*n*uistry) as to flogging, past the really masterly construction of the apples-and-bulldog-and-bull-and-bees-scene to the opening of the proper business of the book on board ship, all is well—and thereafter all is better. There are few books which leave more distinct and numerous pictures on the half-shut eye—from those of the scenes mentioned above, before the main action, to the irruption and taming of Mrs. Oxbelly after it. Technical nautical criticism, I believe, prefers the club-hauling in *Peter* to the two great fights of the *Aurora* with the Russian frigate and the storm. I will have all three, please. And Jack's various "cruises"!—for subtle perfection of *genre*, nothing perhaps excels the little scene when the cattle

transport goes out of harbour with Jack and Gascoigne reclining on the quarter-deck, porter bottles at hand, and Mr. Falcon feeling "in his bones" that he had much better hail her and make her heave-to. But it is all good, not merely these more material "scenes," but Jack's gradual weaning from the delusion of Equality, and the admirable argument with which he quenches his parent just before that agreeable but idiotic person is quenched otherwise. To the last-named incident, I believe, some persons of merit —perhaps even less of "sentimentalists" than I am myself—object. I cannot admit the objection. Poor Nicodemus Easy was a very nice man, and a gentleman. But politically he was a hopeless and mischievous fool; he had had his time; he would probably have been finished off much more unpleasantly by one of "his murderers" before long; and his actual end was not likely to hurt him very much. Besides, if he had not died, Jack could not have bought that delightful privateer, or put the eighteen-

pounders and long nines in her, or picked up Gascoigne again, or married Agnes.

No: I cannot find a single incident or character or speech in the book that I would have altered or omitted. The most vulnerable part is perhaps concerned with the machinations of the priest against Jack's courtship, and Captain Tartar's brutality; but Mesty's account of the journey, in which he bites the ecclesiastical biter, saves it.

And, by the way, the excellent Captain Wilson's previous letting loose of the galley-slaves has a sarcastic force, both historical and prophetic, of which Marryat may, or may not, have been conscious. We are always letting galley-slaves loose, we English, and we have been doing it all over the world lately on an enormous scale, in places near and far, and in conditions quite unnecessary to particularise. Only, *how* intelligent Rajahs—ever since we began with the Ilbert Bill—must have half-laughed, half-shaken their heads over Captain Wilson, if they had the

good luck and taste to read *Mr. Midshipman Easy*!

LVI. *On the Taxation of Eau de Cologne.*—It has been, I believe, agreed by the best authorities on the disgusting subject of taxation that it should be so distributed as

(1) To bring in the most net money.

(2) To create the least public or private inconvenience.

(3) To encourage good habits.

In all these respects the present taxation of Eau de Cologne appears to me to be hopelessly faulty. As for the first point, the lesson of champagne and cigars as to reducing receipts by checking consumption might have been learnt. I used to buy Eau de Cologne (let it be observed that it need not necessarily be Colognial, for excellent substitutes are brewed in England and the Channel Islands, though they may not be quite up to "the *gegenüber*" or "4711") by the quarter-gallon frequently. I now buy it by the

quarter-pint [1] at the longest intervals possible. And I have no doubt that many others do the same, or have given it up altogether.[2]

Now (to come to the other two heads) this is a hardship and a pity; for the uses as well as the delights of the thing are manifold and great. Merely as a perfume, it may, of course, be called a luxury; but it is one of the least merely luxurious of its kind. Maupassant's two ladies, if not to be approved in some ways, were absolutely right in pronouncing it the only perfume that a *man* should use for himself. He should, however (perhaps they knew not this, but I should have been pleased to show them), not spare to use it in spraying from a perfume-diffuser on the eye-closed countenances of the other sex. And these lighter employments, with others like them, are very far from being its only ones. All forms of the gracious creature, alcohol, are antiseptic—it would surely extirpate the rot

[1] Less, indeed; for the normal bottle is 4 oz., not 5.
[2] Opinion confirmed by those who sell.

in Pussyfoots if they would take it. But I believe even "scientists" of the heresy just named, who have not yet utterly forsworn Truth and bound themselves to Fad and Falsehood, admit that some of the essences used in the manufacture of this elixir increase the antiseptic quality remarkably. The wise man never scratches or cuts a finger or any other part of his body without dabbing Eau de Cologne on it till it leaves off smarting (which is sometimes not so very soon). When that chief of common curses—a cold—threatens, there is nothing like inhalation of it for the catarrhous and embrocation with it for the bronchial form. Inflamed surfaces cool and cease to fret when laved with it and water; and the same dilution, wetting your brushes, will at once cleanse and control the unruliness of the hair, and ward off the neuralgia which untempered wetness sometimes incites. As to the idiotic bugbear of "intoxicant," it is both too strong and too nasty to drink neat, and not particularly attractive to drink diluted. On lumps of sugar

it is not so bad; but anybody who could consume enough to make him drunk in that way had better be got rid of anyhow.

No! great is the ware of John Maria Farina, no matter who makes it; and the wisest thing for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to do would be to let a voucher for half the taxation, if any, on it, count as a drawback for income-tax.[1]

LVII. *At Once and For Ever.*—I have somewhere heard or read of a French *saynète*, which must have been about the concisest on record. The stage was divided down the middle, and the characters were represented simultaneously in exact make-up by an actor and actress on each side of the division. On the left the man, passionately embracing the lady, was exclaiming, *Sidonie! entre nous c'est pour toujours!* On the

[1] An extension of this system would remove the present enormous injustice of excusing teetotallers from contributing to about one-sixth of the whole taxation of the country. If you eat barley-cakes and drink water to the extent necessary to produce a barrel of beer, you pay not one farthing of tax; if you combine the barley and the water in the beer, you pay five pounds.

right the lady, pointing to the door in correct fashion and looking *tout ce qu'il faut* for showing hatred and contempt of the man, was ejaculating, *Va-t'en, traître ! et que je ne te revoie jamais !*

It is, I believe, the general opinion that this grim comedy—if not in exact coincidence, in more or less rapid sequence of scene—is not infrequent in life: which, if it be true, would make against the more vulgar parodist of a vulgar song—

For I likes a bit of good girl—
I'm particklarly partial to girl—
  In men and in boys
  There is mostly annoys,
But that's never the case with girl!

Fortunately, however, the *saynète* never does justify itself in literature. There may, indeed, be cases (Hazlitt says Lamb was one, and I think I knew another, more recent, but of not much inferior distinction) where the Sultanas cease to be Valideh (is that right, or ought it to be plural ?). But really great literature, once in favour, never goes out of it, and (with curious differences, no

doubt, in individual cases) the "dead shepherd's saw" usually, if by no means always, applies to it. On such a matter nothing but first-hand evidence is of any value whatever. "The Best Hundred Books" notion is, of course, an absurdity—if it ever had been accepted (as it never was) by "Victorians" who "counted" in the slightest degree, Victorianism would deserve the worst that has been, or could be, said of it. Sir John Lubbock was an amiable person, but I know the Stones of Avebury, and I think I know what the Spirit of those Stones said when Sir John helped himself to their title. In one sense there may be ten best books, in another ten thousand; but attempting to number them deserves worse curses than those from which King David had to choose. Indeed His Hebraic Majesty (I wish he had not behaved so badly to Princess Michal!) has furnished us with the only test in this matter by his admirable words about Goliath's sword, "There is none like that: give it me." The best book—at least the best author—must be to

each person, at each moment, the *Einzige*, the *Sanspareil.*

But it is not always at once that this uniqueness is recognised. The recognition depends, of course to some extent, but by no means wholly, on the stage of development of the individual reader when the book or author is presented to him. I have confessed elsewhere that I did not appreciate Thackeray till I went to Oxford, if not even a little later, or Dante till about the same age as his when he met the Three Beasts; while it took some time before I fully appreciated Tennyson. But I did not "sin my mercies" so long with others. Purely, or mainly, comic writers hardly count: if a boy does not rejoice, however imperfectly, in *The Knights*, *The True History*, *The Canterbury Tales*, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, *L'Avare*, *Gulliver*, or *Pickwick*, the first time he reads them in the original, there is no help or hope for him. The milk of fun should attract him: the meat of life-criticism, and the wine of art can wait.

But with "serious" writers (as the old but not replaced phrase went) the case is a good deal altered. There must be something congenial—something not requiring much experience of life, though helped by that which comes—if youth "cottons to" these before years of nominal discretion. For my part, I had the luck to be presented ("introduced" would be a presumptuous word) to the following magnates while yet in my novitiate, and to echo the words of David on the sword as to each, though I certainly had myself slain no Goliath with them yet—Homer, Aeschylus, Lucretius, Malory, Spenser, Shakespeare, Shelley, Heine, and Victor Hugo—the last *was* the last, by accident mainly, if not wholly. Add the three above mentioned—Dante, Tennyson, and Thackeray—and I think you have my panel of "greatests"—though, of course, I could add twelves on twelves almost *ad infinitum* from all but "firsts" like Plato and Catullus, like Keats and Baudelaire, down to writers of whom I hardly care to remember more

than one thing, as with Leconte de Lisle's *Requies* and Marie Stona's *Meine Lippen brennen so.*

LVIII. *Education: VI. Modernising and Specialising.*—I do not propose, in the present section, to deal much with the "Classical and Modern" question. Other things in this little book will show what my opinion, if it be of any value, is on that point. I only wish here to touch on the "dissidence of dissent"—the ultra-modernisation of modernity, which has sometimes recently manifested itself. There is no need to give instances—they are familiar enough. But it may not be useless to point out that they sin against a real principle of Education, that it should always proceed by familiarising the *un*-familiar—by teaching the mind not to "shy" at what is strange to it. What is already familiar has no teaching or developing power, and exercises a positively deadening influence on the as yet not fully developed faculties of comprehension and interpretation. Baudelaire's

> Au fond de l'inconnu pour trouver du nouveau,

if in a rather different sense from the author's, should be the motto of every teacher and every scholar.

As regards using contemporary *literature* as a teaching instrument, there are, moreover, two arguments of very different kind against it. In the first place, you "spoil the verdure"; you take away the freshness of the enjoyment that should be in finding out *for oneself* what one's fellows are doing and thinking. In the second, you abstain from providing the necessary condition of that enjoyment if it is to be intelligent—knowledge of what has gone before.

I wonder what illegitimate offspring of Mr. M'Choakumchild and Miss Self-Deceit it was who wrote these words: "When you have schooled your child in *facts* after the *readiest* and *pleasantest* fashion possible . . ." I read them not long ago, and I can hardly imagine more pestiferous doctrine than they impart, or at least imply.

But somewhat later there was a little balm in some others of Bishop Welldon's—who, indeed, ought to know something of education, though perhaps we might not agree in all points. It was, starting from a regret at the disappearance of the old "*Double* First"—a protest against the increasing specialisation of University and even of School work. It is, indeed, a great evil, and the most curious thing about it is, that it implies a sort of result of, or reaction from, the ever-increasing complication of the general curriculum. You teach so many things that, unless you, sooner or later, confine a man to one, he doesn't learn any!

LIX. "*White.*"—How many people know this charming verse from *The Loyal Garland* (seventeenth century)?—

> Her lips are two bumpers of clary,
> Who drinks of them sure he'll miscarry [1]—

[1] Slight clumsiness of rhythm in original smoothed out. *It* runs, I think, "Which made me first to miscarry," and anybody who likes rough verse may have it so.

> Her breasts of delight
> Are two bottles of white,
> And her eyes are two cups of canary!

Here, independently of the pure delight in conjoining things delightful, there are two points to note. One is the selection of *gold*-brown for the lady's eyes—an admirable but by no means common one. The other concerns a problem which has often puzzled oenophilists: what, exactly, *was* the "white" or "white wine" which is often mentioned by seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century writers? As everybody knows, the term was later, and is still, greatly enlarged. *We* call yellow wines—even when the yellow darkens to the deepest brown, as in sherry—"white": in fact, in modern times, "white" wine simply means wine that isn't *red*. Obviously our very agreeable bard did not understand the term in that way, or he would hardly have written "of delight." Of course there is the usual licence of comparing transparent or water- to opaque or milk-*white*; but that is

nothing. A "bottle of white" may have been something like the very lightest produce of French, Italian, or Spanish vineyards. It cannot have been sherry, hardly even hock.

LX. *Misunderstandings* (*III.*).—The notes previously given under this heading applied to the meaning of whole clauses or sentences. But misunderstandings of actual *words* are even commoner. It would not, of course, be worth while here to dwell on common instances like "transpire," but one or two more complicated and individual (though by no means wholly that) which have come under the writer's notice may be mentioned as not unamusing.

The first, indeed, is not confined even to a few writers or speakers: it may be said to be all but universal, except with experts, being the direct result of widespread ignorance. It concerns no less famous a word than Transubstantiation.[1]

[1] It should not be, but perhaps is, necessary, or at least desirable, to point out that no offence is meant, and, in fact, no reference made, to members of

It is even doubtful whether all should-be expert divines who have used it, fully appreciated its meaning ; and it is pretty certain that a prominent legal and political luminary (not so very long ago gathered to his fathers, the Plantagenets) did not. Indeed, how many people, out of any twenty you would be likely to meet in any street out of perhaps Oxford or Cambridge, could tell you what it *does* mean, and explain to you that it practically has no meaning at all, unless you accept and apply the axioms and methods of a particular and, in most cases, long obsolete system of philosophy ? For the " substance " which is translated or transposed in it is no more what is ordinarily meant by that word than a " box " in a coach is a " box " on the ear.

Probably not so many in proportion, but, I fancy, a much larger number positively, use the word Omnipotence without the slightest realisa-

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the Roman Church, instructed in the philosophy which is ancillary to its theology. I am only speaking of ordinary Englishmen, English by Church as well as by nationality, like Sir William Harcourt himself.

tion of what it really means. I had a delightful instance of this once when I was on the Press. The old question of the Holy Coat of Treves and its multiplication had come up again—apropos of what I do not remember or think worth remembering. I had ventured to point out that, given Omnipotence, it covered this multiplication as well as anything else. Whereupon a correspondent grew extremely irate. He fully believed, he said, in Omnipotence—in fact I think he was good enough to specify some of the things that he would allow Omnipotence to do—but it must draw the line at cutting more cloth for Holy Coats than would do for one. In fact, to alter Sir William Gilbert slightly—

> *That* " All " he couldn't understand,
> 'Twould pain him very much.

Or had he, anticipating the twentieth century itself as far as it has gone (for this was some thirty years ago), decided that Latin was rot, and it didn't really matter what " Omnis " meant?

Lastly, a most excellent scholar and divine, worthy of the high academical and ecclesiastical stations and honours he held, once confessed that he had never, till it was pointed out to him, noticed the difference between the statements of the Athanasian Creed as to the Future, namely, that a person who goes into Everlasting *Life* must *live* everlastingly, whereas a person who goes into Everlasting *Fire* may be burnt up at once, or pass through it, without the sentence being in any way altered, remitted, or affected in the full accuracy of its terms, "life" being a state, and "fire" not.

LXI. *Margarita in Sterquilino.*—(The reader who plays the game is requested, if he does not know the author of the following verses, to make, at any rate, one guess before he turns the page, or glances down it, to find him out.)

Which of us has most cause to grieve?
  Which situation would you choose?

I a capricious tyrant leave,
And you a faithful lover lose.

I can find maids in every rout
With smiles as false and forms as fine,
But you must search the world throughout
To find a heart as true as mine.

Nothing particular in the matter, of course, but something very particular in the form, and especially in the cadence. For that form, and especially that cadence, belong to the seventeenth century, and this is mid-eighteenth (a minute light for the guesser). Hardly anybody had got them since Aphra Behn and Sir Charles Sedley; hardly anybody was to get them again even at the best times of poetry.

Yet the lines were written by John Hall Stevenson, friend of Sterne, Castellan of "Crazy Castle," and author of other "crazy" things, in which, to one reader at any rate, "craziness" is not so obvious as certain Swiftian associations with it. He has, it is fair to say, left some other prettyish verses, but nothing that I re-

member with this Caroline soar and sink of pinion.

LXII. *Criticism: VI. Belief and Knowledge.*—Not very long ago one of our younger critics, in whom, at his first coming and for some time after, I had ventured to anticipate something like a pillar, saddened me. He observed—whether seriously or as a kind of undergraduate joke does not much matter—that as long as some people took the Book of Jonah for revelation, others regarded it as simply a joke; while now, that "nobody" did the former, anybody could see that it was a delightful work of art. We may let that "nobody" alone. But the really saddening thing is that anybody who *can* see that the Book of Jonah is a delightful work of art should have been prevented from doing so through its being regarded by himself or others as a work of revelation. What is the obstacle, as Lord Boanerges said to Miss Dunstable, to "owning the power *and* tracing the flower"?

Or, to go still further and pierce to the very root of the matter, "Why not recognise that acceptance of the revelation and recognition of the aesthetic value are things entirely independent of each other, compatible or separable as man's mind chooses?"

There is a phrase of Aristotle's (I forget where it occurs, and have no books to refer to) which for many years has been more constantly in my mind, as a caution when I write criticism and a test when I read it, than any other—*μὴ μεταβαίνειν εἰς ἄλλο γένος*, "not to shift to another kind of thought or subject." Now Belief, Knowledge, Aesthetic Appreciation, Moral Judgment, Love, are all *genera* of the most different kinds, and each has its own method, its own premisses, its own "establishment," so to speak. Further, each and all of these should be, and must be, carefully kept clear of each other, or the human being who tries to put them in motion will get into an awful tangle. Yet this is what people are perpetually doing,—not to mention that they

nearly always muddle the two kinds or senses of Belief—that which is familiarly used for an imperfect kind of human knowledge and that which concerns God and the things of God only. Further, they constantly muddle "not knowing" with "knowing not," as did Mr. Matthew Arnold when he assured us, in respect of that matter of the Garden of Eden, that "It never happened—none of it," which he could only have been entitled to do if he had been there all the time and saw that it didn't. Of the messes between Aesthetics and Morality it is needless to speak; and when you come to Love, in the widest as in the narrowest sense, it notoriously can exist without belief in the object, or knowledge of it, or aesthetic admiration for it, or moral approval of it. Therefore let us not merely clear our minds of cant, but disentangle them from mixtures of kinds. And then we shall find that we are freed from many woful errors, and especially shall not have to put off perceiving the magnificence of Job or Isaiah till Canon This or

Dean That has determined that we need not worry about the Creeds or the exact amount of Revelation in the Bible.[1]

LXIII. *Criticism: VII. Evidence.*—Of Evidence[2] in the special or legal sense it would hardly become a man, who has (as elsewhere observed) only eaten half the proper number of dinners at the Temple, to speak otherwise than anonymously, even if he used to make pecuniary apologies for doing so in his journalist days and later by paying "dues" for nearly half a

[1] At the British Association meeting the other day a dignitary, whose prosodic views I am impertinent enough to like better than his theological, is reported as having said that, "The Educated Christian has already succeeded in getting his creed within the framework of the universe as we know it to be." The expression is not very dignified, and reminds one rather of the advertisement where a neat parlourmaid hands a bottle of medicine to a gentleman packing his kit-bag. But that is not fatal. Mr. Browning, we know, decided that it was "very hard to be a Christian," but to be an educated Christian, according to this formula, must be much harder. He need not perhaps believe in miracles, but he must work them. For "Creed" begins exactly where "Knowledge" stops, and the evidence of things not seen supplements—but never falls within—the evidence of things seen.

[2] This and the last article are so closely connected that it seems better to break the rule of not putting two on the same subject together.

century—the coin of his pocket for the laches of his teeth. But the fact is that, except purely arbitrary ones in each case, the rules of legal, historical, literary-critical, and other evidence are pretty much the same.

And I am bound to say that they appear to me to be among the least commonly understood things in this much-misunderstood world. To confine myself, without further innuendo (but we rather want some word like *extranuendo*), to my proper vocation—in the two extensive departments of Biblical and Shakespearian criticism, nothing is commoner than to find practitioners who seem to have no notion of evidence at all. In the one you find people who, as Scherer (not exactly a bigot) said of Renan, accept and reject parts of the same document, possessing exactly the same claims to acceptance or grounds for rejection, according to their own convenience or choice. In the other, you find people who, because there was a Grammar School at Stratford, say Shakespeare must have been there, and

"would have learnt" this, that, and the other. Even short of the mere dunceries of Bakespearism and its imitations, it is extremely rare to find books on "the Stratforder" which do not swarm with every kind of fallacious assumption, question-begging, guesswork, and the like.

Lesser books and men are naturally less obnoxious to the bestowal of this particular variety of tediousness on them and their readers. But they too often get it. And as the biographical and bibliographical parts of criticism give much more occasion for it than the strictly aesthetic, so they abound in it to a much greater extent. After all, unless enjoyment and admiration are actual shams, there is no difficulty of the evidential kind with *them*. You do enjoy, you do admire, or you do not. There may be a little more, but still very little, about the discussion of their sources in the work and the symptoms they excite in the reader. It is, if not only, chiefly when you come to authorship, date, details of life and writing, etc., etc., that opportunities of displaying

inability to estimate evidence arise. When Colomba made her famous double remark, " Que cela est beau ! Qui a fait cela ? " the exclamation was all in the right way. It would be too much to say that the interrogation was all in the wrong. But it opened a path leading to as many dangers and difficulties as that of any Pilgrim of Allegory, and needing, for guidance, protection, and support, all good ministers from Interpreter to Greatheart rolled into one ; a clear vision and a steady grasp of what is Evidence ; and an equally clear discernment, with an equally steady rejection, of what is not.

One thing more on Evidence—though it touches the reserved ground. I have seen it quoted from Jeremy Bentham (though it is a long time since I read him, and I am not in a position to verify) that witnesses may lie, and circumstantial evidence cannot ; therefore we ought to prefer the latter. I confess that this makes me think of what a wicked man once said, " Jeremy is a crucial instance of a strange but

not very uncommon case—the combination of an exceptionally clever man with an exceptionally d——d fool." For the point is really this—whether the *interpretation* of circumstantial evidence may not lie. And God and the law-reports know that it may!

LXIV. *Some Single Meetings.*—Most people, I suppose, have had meetings with others, once occurring and never repeated, which have been of some moment in their lives. But of these, the most noteworthy to the individual are often those which have interest for the individual only, and of which he or she is not likely (if he or she is good for anything) to speak. There are others the interest whereof, if not so personal, is rather more general, while there is no seal on them, and two or three of these may be worth chronicling.

The only occasion on which I came into personal relations with Mr. Gladstone was in the summer of 1862, when he was giving the prizes at King's College School, and had to give me

one for a poem on "Sicily." I take it that the real object of School Prize Poems is to afford the perpetrators a chance, some years afterwards, of playing Drydens to their own Swifts, and saying, "Cousin ——, you will never be a poet." Perhaps I did thus deserve the distinction in this *paullo-post*-future, and I have kept the poem (beautifully bound, for use in recitation, in black silk with gold ribbon corners, by an affectionate sister). Sometimes when I am very melancholy I read it, to make me laugh a little.

It begins in a style which Thackeray (he was alive then) would, I think, have allowed to be not inferior to Mr. Pendennis's own:

> As gleams the pavement of a Gothic hall
> When through the tracery-lights the splendours fall.

It talks about

> The setting sun whose crimson blaze
> *Spears* the now envious East with dying rays.

It refers to Filicaja on the neighbouring continent, and then does the handsome and regular

thing by Persephone, the Athenian expedition, Timoleon, etc., "till," as it observes itself—

> Till the Cross sank before the Crescent's sweep—

a line which, I think, I must have stolen, though I don't know from whom. There is a passage on Wine, which speaks more favourably of Marsala than I have since done, but is, even at that early age, perfectly sound on the general and anti-Pussyfoot goose. "What wonder," I exclaim—

> What wonder Paracelsus vainly thought
> To have found in wine the elixir which he sought?

Next, going back, we have Theocritus and a lot of flowers, and a miniature gazetteer of Agrigentum and Syracuse, Messina and Palermo. And, finally, Camarina and its warning μὴ κίνει bring us up to modern (then quite recent) times, and a magnificent denunciation of the Garibaldian revolution and the part played therein by England—all this recited before, and to be rewarded by, of all people, Mr. Gladstone.

There was no mere "schoolboy cheek" in this: I had not known when I wrote the stuff—stuff as to form; I don't quarrel *now* with the "fundamental stuff" or matter—that he was to give the prizes. But I need not say that I chuckled to myself as I read it out, and nobody who ever knew Mr. Gladstone needs to be told of the mixture of kindness and indignation—hand-clasp and eye-flash—with which he, praising the form with the usual amiable excess, intimated, with much more than the usual sincerity, that he was "afraid he couldn't at all agree with the sentiments."

The circumstances of a second single meeting—with Lord Randolph Churchill—were rather curiously different. When he came up to Merton I was a very senior man, and though there were only some five years between the dates of the prize poem and of this incident, there is perhaps no lustrum in a man's life more influential thereon than that which sees him through Oxford. I had gone in for Greats most unwisely early;

had been rejected as Fellow five times at four colleges (a fact not so disastrous in circumstance as Colonel Jack's experiences of matrimonial *acceptance* on Defoe's title-page, but identical numerically); had decided, after reading history, law, and political economy for a whole year, *not* to go in for Second Schools, but to transfer the burden of myself from my family and the College[1] to Education. But while waiting for a post I went up to Oxford for a week or two, and one evening dropped in for whist at a man's rooms in college. As I finished a hand I heard a voice—a youthful voice—speaking over my shoulder, "You played that very well." So I looked round and remarked with, I trust, polite surprise, "I'm very much obliged to you." My patron left the room soon afterwards, and I said to our host, "——, who *is* that exceedingly gory [I apologise, but we used to employ that picturesque adjective to describe a not too modest

[1] Which would in those days have borne part of it for a couple of terms longer.

youth] freshman?" "Oh," he said, "that's Randolph Churchill; he's just come up." A day or two later I went off to Manchester (to be a freshman of another kind myself under the late Mr. Walker), and I never met Lord Randolph again. But I own that in the years during which he was a politician and I was a journalist I found occasion, not very seldom, to recall the incident—again with a chuckle.

These two meetings were, of course, of no public importance whatever; the third might have been, if Fate had willed, of very great importance indeed. I have mentioned elsewhere [1] that it happened to me, in looking after Irish matters for newspaper work, to come to the conclusion that the ingenious Mr. Pigott was, as is said of a certain family in *Old Mortality*, "no muckle to lippen to," and that I had thereby been enabled to prevent an Editor from having dealings with him. Some little time after this, but well before "Parnellism and Crime" (I

[1] In *Notes on a Cellar-Book*.

cannot give exact dates, having been too busy at that time to keep full diaries, and having later destroyed those that I had), I went down, out of any season and in very bad weather, to Bognor. I had not seen the place since I was a child, and wanted to know whether it and its accommodations would suit my wife, who was not very well. The hotel—at least its coffee-room—appeared to be quite empty, save for one man, and we fraternised that evening to some extent, finding out soon that we were both citizens of that "Satan's Invisible World Displayed," the main thoroughfare of whose capital is Fleet Street. Both being Englishmen, or at least Britons, we did not communicate our names or the newspapers to which we were attached—indeed they were perhaps the very two which held longest to anonymity and non-publication of connection. But we talked a good deal about public affairs, both at home and abroad—only, as it happened, we never touched Irish matters at all.

Next morning when I came down to breakfast

I found myself alone, and on asking the waiter whether my over-night companion was likely to appear, was told that he had gone back to town by an early train. "It was Mr. —— of *The Times*, sir." Now, when the famous and unfortunate business came off, it was always said by those who should have known, that it was to Mr. ——'s *personal* belief in the trustworthiness of Pigott's communications that their acceptance was due. So a colloquy between us on the subject might have had results. But, as has been not ill-said, the might-have-beens are the might-not-have-beens, and "aiblins," as the Ettrick Shepherd remarked of his grandmother, the waiter "was an awfu' leear"!

LXV. *Little Necrologies: IV. Austin Dobson.*—It was in the year 1877—but exactly on what day in it I cannot say, having, as before observed, burnt my diaries—that I first met Mr. Austin Dobson. I had been living out of London for nearly ten years before, and had made few new

acquaintances in that city, having just returned to establish myself there, as it turned out, for nearly another twenty. But already for some time, owing chiefly to the then not long established *Academy* and to the Savile Club, a more or less loosely connected literary society—far inferior in quality, of course, to the greater ones of former times and of the present day, but somewhat akin in genus and not utterly contemptible in species—had come into being. I was asked to meet Mr. Dobson at dinner, and we either liked each other well enough or dissembled our dislike completely enough to walk home together from Pall Mall to Kensington. And the friendship, or the simulation thereof, lasted forty-four years; the last card I had from him in his well-known copper-plate "back-hand" (or whatever is the proper name for it) was written in May of his last year. In London, during the time of my journalistic activity so often mentioned, we met pretty constantly; after I moved to Edinburgh, less often, though he came to stay with us

there when the University gave him an Honorary LL.D. in 1902. But for another fairly long stretch of years, till ill-health interfered with his movements, we used to "tryst" in a certain small smoking-room at the Athenaeum whenever I came to town. He had a way, after ordering some "soft" liquor (skilful metrist as he was in words, his only convivial foot was, alas! the *Antibacchius*), of pulling his chair forward, settling himself therein, and saying, "*Now*, let's talk about books," which was very engaging.

In this long acquaintanceship I can remember not merely no quarrel—but no single instance of that uncomfortable reflection, "I wish he hadn't said that or done this!" which one's friends sometimes suggest to one, and which, no doubt, one sometimes suggests to one's friends. That he was rather sensitive to unfavourable criticism I think very likely; to tell the honest truth, I have yet to meet the man of letters who is wholly indifferent to it. But it never caused the slightest waspishness in him, and he was equally free from

an even more curious and far more inexcusable malady or malpractice of our kind, which has been pleasantly called the "That's *my* Bone!" habit. It is by no means uncommon—almost every one of the craft, even if himself immune, must have known it in others—for men to think that, because they have touched a subject or an author, they have established a "claim" in the strictest mining sense, and nobody else may make or meddle. You might follow, or accompany, or (which is, perhaps, most unforgivable of all) anticipate Dobson in any matter without his being in the least aggrieved; and whatever he knew about Fielding or Walpole, Hogarth or Bewick, was, whether published or unpublished, heartily at the service of fellow-students. Nor was it a case of "light come, light go."

For there never was a more indefatigable "student" than he himself was. And here again he had a meritorious peculiarity, perhaps rarer than it is thought to be. There have been persons of great distinction—I have, I think,

glanced at this before—as well as others of none at all, who take to subjects with zest, work at them for a time lustily, turn out good or bad results of their work, and then lose all, or most, of their interest in it. *Leur siège est fait.* The dish is "off." The late Mr. Lowell once confided to me that he *had* once been very fond of Old French, but that the authors who were exhumed since that time did not appeal to him. They might be as good as, or better than, his old friends, but he didn't want them. This rather hedonistic satiety never showed itself in Dobson.

It may, however, be said, and with justice, "One is very glad to hear that Mr. Dobson was a good companion and a generous student; but there is no lack of such. What was he really as a writer, and especially as a poet?" The question is perfectly legitimate, and the last part of it is by far the most important. Dobson's essays, his biographies, his editorial work, his *Bookman's Budget*, etc., were most agreeable

reading, not easily to be beaten for charm of manner, and not to be beaten at all—very rarely even approached—in fullness and accuracy of matter. But it was possible to imagine some one else doing them. Was this the case with his poetry? For that is the question, and having myself some little acquaintance with the history of literature and of criticism—which may, from one point of view, be translated "the reception of literature as contrasted with its production"—I should say that it is a question the importance of which is, as a rule, not quite sufficiently considered.

I have seen, since his death, Dobson dismissed—not at all contemptuously, but as a matter of course—as a "minor" poet. Now this facile phrase, which has had at times quite a palpitating history, is, like many others, one fears, frequently, if not generally, used with a very vague meaning. A man may be called, and actually be, a minor poet in comparison with undoubted majors of his own or some other time.

Or he may be held to be such in consequence of the setting up of some very high standard of poetry itself, which is to apply equally to all times. Or, lastly, he may seem to be minor because he does not deal with the most important and grandiose *kinds* of poetry—narrative, dramatic, or lyrical. The first calculus is, it will be seen at once, shifting and untrustworthy, though occasionally applicable. According to it, a man may be a minor poet at one part of his career, and a major, though on the score of no fresh work, at another. Everybody is a minor poet, perhaps, if your standard is Shakespeare, Milton, and Shelley in the three divisions. So with the second. The impossibility of getting any agreed estimate of what the essence of poetry is makes it unpractical, to say nothing more. For those, indeed, who accept the doctrine of the poetic "moment," the whole thing is idle. There are poets and there are those who are not poets; but there is no majority or minority except in point of mere bulk or number. With Shake-

speare and Shelley the moments come thick as Perseids in August or Leonids in November. In Beddoes and Darley they only flash now and then, sometimes in this class reducing their light to that of will-o'-the-wisps or glow-worms. In people like Rogers or Kirke White they never come at all.

Out of this welter of uncertainty one may perhaps pick two useful test-questions: "Was Dobson minor in one way as regards poets of his own time?" and "Was his kind of poetry minor in the other?" Neither of these questions is invidious, and the consideration of both, especially of the latter, may be profitable.

As regards poets who had already published when he began to write, there can, of course, be no hesitation in admitting that he was "minor" to Tennyson and Browning certainly, to Matthew Arnold somewhat less so. As regards those nearer his own age, he certainly could not contest majority with either Dante or Christina Rossetti, with Swinburne or with William Morris. But

he was in much more than the same ratio "major" to Lewis Morris or Alfred Austin. Looking at a later time, one fancies a discussion as to who should succeed the last-named writer as Poet Laureate. There seemed to be no doubt that for the purpose there were only four possible candidates, unless the great mistake at Tennyson's death was to be repeated. These were the present holder, Mr. Kipling, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. Dobson himself. They would all "pass" in poetry as far as poetry was concerned; but then, according to all wise precedent, a Satan would be called in to object. He could find nothing to say against Mr. Bridges except that he was not popularly known enough. But he would point out that there were in this country such a number of people who hated it that no minister would face their hubbub if Mr. Kipling were chosen, and this would have to be sorrowfully admitted. Refreshed by this, the Accuser would go on to suggest delicately that a sort of counterbalancing consideration might make

Mr. Yeats's appointment unpopular. Nor would this be denied. But with Mr. Dobson he would take his stand on the "*kind* of poetry" argument. Was this, albeit certainly poetry, and very perfect poetry of its kind, major or minor when you regarded the kind itself?

It was very like Satan to say this; but there is no need to grapple with the whole of his objection. Fate, we know, so far conceded it that Mr. Dobson was *not* made Poet Laureate. But in the remainder of this short tribute it may be best to point out that the assignment of perfection *in* the kind can make a good fight for itself. There have been grumbles, we know, and in very high quarters, against "faultlessness" in poetry. But where they have been made justly it will generally, if not invariably, be found that the work objected to has been work aiming at that "Sublime" which the chief objector, Longinus, was himself discussing. Dobson did not aim at the Sublime. He aimed at something for which we have, unfortunately, no current

word or favourable description, because we have wantonly degraded and made ignoble its proper designation, "elegant." Of the Muse of Elegance as she was before "her Godhead passed away," Dobson was really Pontifex Maximus. It was natural enough that his priesthood should appeal less and less to a public which, after the very earliest part of his time, was tending ever more to jazz in colour and sound, to cubism in outline, and to any kind of nonsense and rubbish so long as it is glaring and blaring, in public and private affairs.

The combined intricacy and sureness of his address to a differently constituted audience may be shown by studying in smallest space one of the smallest of all his poems—one of those triolets which the British public, perhaps justly from its own point of view, considered frivolous, and which a certain publisher (with still more obvious justice, from *his* point of view) insisted on paying for at the rate of five verses, not eight verses, because one of them appeared

three times and another twice. (I quote from memory):

Rose kissed me to-day;
Will she kiss me to-morrow?
Let that be as it may,
Rose kissed me to-day.
But the pleasure gives way
To a savour of sorrow.
Rose kissed me to-day;
Will she kiss me to-morrow?

Trivial? Sentimental? Childish? etc., etc. Well, *is* it?

One would like to know whether those who think it so have, or have not, perceived the following things about it. In the first place, short as it is, its shortness gives the scenario of a by no means uncomplicated sequence of thought and feeling. The lover thinks with satisfaction of the agreeable occurrence, and as he does so the inevitable Care jumps behind on the thought that is carrying him so softly. He tries to shake her off. "Let that be as it may," is almost the gesture itself, and reaffirms the actual ecstasy.

But this particular occupant of pillions has far too firm a seat and tight a hold; and the only couplet of the four which contains no repetition dismally admits her constricting purchase. In the last, as it echoes the first, the discouragement has altogether the best of it. The horrid "*But*"—once actually used—dominates the whole. Rose did kiss him to-day; but *will* she do so to-morrow? Not bad *διάνοια*—"thought-substance"—for eight apparent and five substantive two-foot lines. Let me, in the second place, point out that this could not have been done in prose, because it would be impossible there to give the different inflexions and reversions of thought, rhythmed and "set" appropriately as they are now—and then I shall have given the heads of a much longer pleading "*Against* the Minority of Austin Dobson."

LXVI. *Politics: VI. Alton Locke.*—More than one good person has fixed on *Don Quixote* as "the saddest book in the world." I think Kingsley

himself did so, and I do not myself know any of the great world-books which is sadder, without being wholly and deliberately tragical. But, in a minor way—as being more of one particular age, and less, one hopes, for all time—I think his own *Alton Locke* bids high in the competition for the prize of "sadness." This is not merely, or mainly, because of the suffering and the folly of its hero and the gloom of the general story. To bring out the full pathos—pathos of that mixed-with-satire sort which is the most poignant of all—it should be read in the revised edition[1] with the later Preface, in which its author not too cock-a-hoopishly, but with a touching trustfulness, dwells on the social improvements that had then taken place, and the others that were coming, some sixty years ago.

Well! even more have come since. Practic-

[1] I have never been quite sure that he ought not to have reprinted, in an Appendix, the very much less favourable account of Cambridge originally given. The excision and replacement, though no doubt quite deserved by the actual state of that University, were rather too much on the lines of his hero's own complaisance and Bowdlerising in respect of his own Poems.

ally all the Six Points have been conceded politically, and sixty or six hundred others socially. Even if the purely personal hardships of "labour" in the 'forties were not exaggerated, they have simply disappeared now. Instead of workers cowering half-clad in their employers' dungeons, they ask those employers what the devil *they* are mouching about the shops for; and instead of starvation-wages for the individual "hand," elaborate calculations are made—not on comic opera stages, but in solemn Committees and even Commissions—how much it will take to keep him,[1] his wife, and their two or three children, housed, fed, clothed, and amused—education and medical attendance being already provided for at the expense of the upper and middle classes. Now, according to the expectations of the Christian Socialists of eighty years ago, all this ought to have resulted in something like a golden age. Is there much gold of any

[1] He sometimes makes me think of that other mysterious multicreature, the mediaeval "lance," which included a knight, a squire, a page, and half a dozen yeomen-archers.

kind about now? And especially, have all these enormous changes in their favour benefited the *morale* of the working classes? Are they cheerfully industrious? "content with their wages," as the Saint in "the [*very*] old-fashioned camel's-hair coat" suggested? ready to live and let live? Are they not[1] lazier, greedier, more full of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness towards other classes, readier to put on those classes any burden of which they may relieve themselves? Of course we all know, or ought to know, that "fools' paradises are wise men's purgatories," but was there ever a more tragi-comic—a more pathetic-satiric—example of it than this?

LXVII. "*Obrian.*"—In my *Notes on a Cellar-Book* there was noticed and quoted Pepys's reference, under the name of "Ho Bryen," to a certain claret, still famous and delectable under its proper style of Haut Brion. But the writer had then

[1] I may refer to previous notes to show that it is only of those who deserve it that I am speaking here.

forgotten another more or less contemporary mention which he had noted years before from the *Roxburghe Ballads* (v. 4):

> With a flood of *Obrian* we'll fill up each vein.

Now what made this wine so popular in the latter half of the seventeenth century? As a matter of fact, individual vineyards are very seldom mentioned in English literature before the nineteenth,[1] though there are a few exceptions, which do not, so far as I remember, include one other claret now in consumption. It has occurred to me that Saint-Evremond may have had something to do with it. He was, of course, himself a Norman; but he had been much in Gascony with that Duc de Candale of whom he has left such a double-edged account; and he was not merely an Epicurean, but an epicure of the first water. During his forty years in our wilderness he would have had plenty of time to provide for the special tastes he had formed earlier

[1] Even then Scott somewhere calls "Margaux" "Margout," and to this day people will double *t* "Lafite."

in the society of Les Côteaux, and as he was familiar with men of letters as well as with the Court, to communicate them widely.[1]

LXVIII. *Prize Fellowships.*—The various University Commissions which, in the last three-quarters of a century, have successively neglected Lord Melbourne's greatest of all political commandments, "Can't you let it alone?" have perhaps agreed in nothing so much as in their persistent attacks on "Prize" or, as they are sometimes called, "Idle" Fellowships. This is not surprising, for, on the one hand, there was no more obvious opportunity for what the wise call conveyance; and on the other there was hardly any state or condition of life so irritatingly

[1] It is true that in one of his best known passages, while he blasphemes Burgundy (he repented later) and glorifies champagne—*not*, it must be remembered, sparkling champagne, which was only invented ten years before his almost centenarian life ceased—he does not mention any Bordeaux. But I have not seen the fullest—there is, I believe, no actually *complete*—edition of him for many years.—By the way, I have been rebuked in friendliest fashion for speaking of "Gascony" and not of "Guienne" in reference to claret. But "the *Gascon* wine" is too classical a phrase to be neglected.

tempting to one of the principal motives of modernity—the desire to make somebody else uncomfortable, even if you cannot directly transfer his comfort to yourself. Now there certainly were few more ideal positions than that of a College Fellow of the older type. True, like everything else, it had to be paid for—by enforced celibacy. And it may be contended that, as has happened to the occupants of most Paradises, those of this one gave it away by breaking the conditions, in the latest 'sixties or thereabouts, and insisting on being married.[1]

They held, in regard to Coleridge's beautiful phrase, "the too dear and inevitable Eve," that she *was* unavoidable, but was so dear in the one sense that she couldn't be *too* dear in the other. And, once more, she did as all Eves and all Pandoras of story have done: she blocked promotion; she made it necessary for men to run

[1] I do not intend to start a new heresy by suggesting that Adam insisted on being married; let it be freely granted that his Paradise was not complete till he was (putting scandal about Lilith also quite out of the question). But like all Paradises, it *had* conditions, and, as with all, these were broken.

about to pick up extra jobs to support families; and, perhaps worst of all, she took them out of the colleges in which it was desirable that they should reside.

But this was only indirectly the fault of the Commissioners: what was directly their fault was the unceasing endeavour (now almost if not completely successful) to do away with the "Prize," "Idle," or "Idle Prize" Fellowship itself. For this, to impartial and tolerably far-ranging judgments, was one of the very best features of the specially English University, hardly inferior to that which accompanied and led up to it—of which, indeed, it was the fruit as this was the flower—the undergraduate college-life of combined solitude and society, work and play, discipline and freedom, search after good, opportunity of resisting ill, and enjoyment of beauty. Of course it could be abused; what good thing cannot? But the idle Fellows of legend (and, let it be frankly admitted, of history too), who locked up the doors of their rooms and

never went near them, were at no time numerous; sometimes made up to their colleges by legacies handsomely redeeming the rent; and at any rate kept worse people out! On the other hand, from a viewpoint as sternly practical as any, how many careers[1] of the greatest brilliancy—in law above all, in literature not seldom, in other ways not a few—have been made possible, and could, without some miracle of luck, hardly have been made possible otherwise? It is difficult to imagine anything more likely to develop any possibility of good in Art or Science, Philosophy or Theology, Poetic or Prose Letters, than a seven- or ten-year period—longer tenures might, without mischief, be subjected to some conditions—following the pupillary state. "Oh, but," some one is sure to say, "this is still kept by the allowance of *Research* Fellow-

[1] I purposely put aside in this section the connection between the Universities and the Church, which almost involved temporarily and partially idle Fellowships. But having had no interest whatever in the matter myself, I can say deliberately that hardly any worse blow to the weal of England has been dealt in the last half-century than the breaches of that connection.

ships for those who deserve them, while those who don't are kept out." Well, "Research" has been another of your "blessed words" for a long time now; but it has been observed of the thoughtful—indeed I think it has already been observed *here*—that blessed words sometimes come to exercise a rather unblessed influence. I think I may claim to have done a little research in my own time, and to have had rather ample opportunities of observing how other people have done it in theirs. An invaluable thing it is, when it is valuable at all; but there is perhaps nothing in all the wide range of human occupation which has been the occasion of more lost time and more lost labour. In literature the main danger is the losing of these on things not worth doing at all; in both literature and science, the re-doing of things that have been done already.[1] In a certain sense, of course, the idle Fellow will,

[1] Besides, the specialised Research condition *shackles*: there is not the sense of freedom to choose and change—even to lie fallow if necessary—which belonged to those lesser gods, almost like the greater as *ῥεῖα ζώοντες*, who used to walk in the gardens by Isis and by Cam.

if he be worth anything, often, if not always, before long devote himself to some research, or production, or career, that will be of value to the world. He *may* write an *Anatomy of Melancholy*; the odds are much shorter against his becoming Lord Chancellor or Archbishop of Canterbury. But he has another chance—where, but for his own fault, the odds are on, not against—of adding to the State of Things one of the most perfectly conditioned of lives: and that is a very great gain.

LXIX. *Ein Geist der stets verneint.*—The exchange values of literature do not vary with those of the moneys, morals, wits, fortunes, etc., of the people who speak the language in which it was written. Moreover, as a matter of fact, Goethe did not attach to the remarkable phrase above borrowed exactly the same meaning as that in which I propose to use it. I do not accuse our twentieth century of being at all Mephistophelean in the usual sense of that word: it might be better if—to a not damnable extent—

it were more so in some respects.[1] But it seems to me to have a curious and excessive tendency to *Verneinung*—denial—in the sense of simple negation or reversal in practice, instead of independent action. I do not think it at all necessary to take up the cudgels for things and persons Victorian. As King George III. said of something else, they do not seem to me to require any apology, and, as the great Lord Derby said of somebody else's attacks, it pleases our abusers and doesn't hurt us. Moreover, the best of the younger generation seem to be growing tired of this stale and cheap iconoclasm. But too few people still seem to see that the abuse of Victorianism is a compliment in the thinnest and most ragged of disguises.

If you don't know what you yourself really like, wish, etc., there are two ways of behaving. You may imitate somebody else, or you may go contrary to somebody else. Ages which

[1] Mephistopheles was nearly as "clayver" a man as Shakespeare, and he was distinctly amusing.

it is not necessary to specify have done the first; others, whereof the present appears to be one, have preferred the second. Between these lines of thought and conduct come periods like the Elizabethan and the Victorian, which, sometimes wisely, sometimes unwisely, sometimes prettily and sometimes not, do speak and think as they please, and not as some one else has, or has not, pleased. Perhaps there was no more thorough Victorian, in time as in character, in faults as in merits, than Thackeray. And Thackeray, writing of something said by Maginn (who, though just Victorian in time, was a Georgian otherwise), says this about the dictates of Society—the "maxims of fashionable life" in respect of certain combinations of food and drink. "The maxim of fashionable life," says Thackeray, "is to drink what you will." Now I happened to come to some knowledge of life—fashionable and unfashionable—just as Thackeray, alas! left it; and I should say that "what you will," subject to certain general rules of good behaviour and

"good form" (which, coming from the nature of things, have never varied much), was the "maxim of society," not merely as to drink, but generally. And now the maxim seems to be the very curious one, "Speak, Think, or Do what a certain generation *didn't* think, speak, or do"—this maxim sometimes extending to the higher range of behaviour and "form" itself.

It has been my fortune (I purposely qualify the word neither with "good" nor "bad"), after reading few contemporary novels for some years, to have to read a great many lately. And I have discovered a most curious negative code in them—a really interesting result of what must evidently have been a careful, if sometimes erroneous, study of the manners of the last generation. As thus: Thou shalt not have much furniture in thy room; Thou shalt not put any of it against the wall;[1] Thou shalt not

[1] Above all, Thou shalt not have an overmantel. How interesting it is to remember that some half a century ago an overmantel was It. With a little

wear a beard, and still less whiskers;[1] Thou shalt not dine at home if thou canst pay for, or sponge for, a dinner at a restaurant. "*B*lushing" is anathema, but by changing one letter thou mayest "*f*lush," and while "eyeglasses" were a Victorian vanity,[2] "monocles" are strictly correct. There are some positive commands, but they are chiefly concerned with purely mechanical matters, as: Thou shalt get into and out of taxis often, and always mention it, lest folk should suspect thee of using horse-cabs; Thou shalt in the same way utilise and mention the utilisation of telephones—never forgetting to "hang up the receiver"; and Thou shalt

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brass tray and blue china, some peacock feathers, and a Japanese fan or two, It was the Word, and the Sign, and the Phylactery. Now, I am told, it is the Sign of—a boarding-house.

[1] "Whiskers" seem particularly abominable—an interesting fact to those who remember *tarte à la crème* and other things—even "whiskers" themselves.

[2] As such, Bishop Wilberforce took professional advantage of it once at St. Giles's in a Lenten sermon. An unhappy youth was wearing one just in front of the pulpit, and Samuel preached straight at him for several minutes, with the look "as if he wasn't there," which is the most terrible of all looks, and making the great A of "Vanity" thunder through the church.

always "push a *silver* cigarette-box across the table."

One might, of course, carry on the investigation into this curious process of Denial, Reversal, Topsyturvification, Destruction of what others have built, Throwing away what others have gained, and the like; but it would be tedious on the one hand, and painful on the other. Let it only be pointed out how ridiculously in some cases, how deplorably in others, *easy* it is. Only in mechanical matters can it boast any *acquisition*, and any cool observer of the history of mechanical gains will find that they always have had, and so always will have, to be paid for. Your telephone makes a quiet life impossible: and if you want to know what Dante's folk looked like in the 20th Canto, just go to the top or bottom of Shaftesbury Avenue, or to Charing Cross, when motors are going strong.

LXX. *Education: VII. Its Cost and Conduct.*—On these two very large subjects it is

only possible here to indicate conclusions stated succinctly.

(1) *No* education should be entirely gratuitous, except in the case of orphans, paupers, children of criminals, etc., though of course the proportion of its cost should be adjusted to the income of the parents.

(2) "Scholarships" should be reserved for cases of proved and indubitable *merit*.

(3) The waste of endowments which took place fifty or sixty years ago under the guise of reform, should be, as far as possible, replaced by private munificence—which it is not likely to be as long as rates and taxes can be tapped at pleasure.

(4) This latter source should be stopped as soon and to such a degree as possible.

(5) The separation of Education from Clerical control is most unfortunate. It has done harm both to the Schools *and* to the Church—to the former by lowering the standard of morality, manners, and political atmosphere, as well as religion; to the latter in education itself, and

perhaps in the other respects likewise. An alternation of curacy and ushership did good to parishioners and schoolboys alike, and whatever the faults of the "Greek-play bishops" they were rarely Pussyfoots or Bolshevists by anticipation.

On the usually unpleasant subject of "Costs" a little more may be said.

It may, indeed, seem ungracious for a man who has profited, and is profiting, by expenditure on Education, to cavil at its cost, but the seeming will hardly affect any clear-sighted or fair-minded person. No one denies that there should be such expenditure, or that some people may fairly benefit by it if they do their duty. But even the elder Mr. Weller's unusual combination of close logic and charitable forethought as to the necessity of death, lest the undertakers should suffer, might have boggled as to the expenditure of a hundred million annually on undertaking, with no safeguard that there is something to bury.

I am myself more concerned with the thought

that the not small number of persons who, after passing through my hands as a teacher, are themselves teaching, may think it ungenerous of me to plead for "the axe." But, in the first place, I am not arguing for any levy on actual incumbents. My conception of the necessity of that idiotically misunderstood and shamelessly misused word "Justice" is that every one should keep what he has, unless it has been gained by fraud or violence. Wages obtained by strikes or threats of strikes, or by making use of national emergencies, may be justly lowered. But though unwise and unworthy members of the teaching profession may have tried to organise trade-union methods, they have never yet been brought into very extensive activity; and what most teachers have they deserve to keep. So far from being injured, they would be benefited by such changes as I should like to see introduced. They would not be pushed from their stools by such floods of novices; they would not be worried on them by such mobs of pupils; and, above all, they

would, to a large extent, be freed from what is the greatest curse of the teacher—the unteachable oaf who *has* to be taught.[1]

LXXI. *A Blue Funk.*—If a new application of the world-old practice of making a company tell stories on some general theme were wanted, a worse one might be taken than "The Bluest Funk of Your Life." I at least should have no difficulty as far as this seventy-seventh year of *my* life goes.

Half a century plus half a decade ago, I was staying in Scilly for some little time: and a more delightful place than it then was I have seldom known. The too intensive cult of the daffodil

[1] On one special point a word or two may be added. There is perhaps none of the numerous or innumerable "throwings open" of employment to both sexes which is less objectionable than that of teaching work. To begin with, it is no novelty—in not the worst times almost everybody was, I suppose, taught rudiments by mother, sister, or nurse, in very many cases with a period of "dame-school" to follow. I think, too, that women, in things that they *can* teach—which, if not all, are many—are better teachers than men. But of course this is a rather large subject, and requires a good deal of limiting and conditioning. One very important consideration is that there are so many other things for men to do.

had not invaded it then, and though there was already much early potato growing, it did not disfigure. There is a peculiar charm about almost all islands; but these—enclosed by the Atlantic, and themselves enclosing the almost land-locked Crow Sound—seem to transfer to that Atlantic Pacific fascinations. Tregarthen's Hotel at St. Mary's was the most comfortable of the now almost defunct kind of country inn known to the rather large experience of the present writer, except, perhaps, the King's Arms at Kingsbridge. Captain Tregarthen's daughters—for the landlord was also captain of the Penzance steamer—were—they will I hope, if alive, excuse my frankness—some of the jolliest girls in the West, where it is rather the wont of girls to be jolly; and Star Castle with its Cavalier memories, and the Bishop lighthouse far out to sea, and Tresco with its caves and its flowers, and the minor islands with their quaint names, and all manner of other contrasted amenities, combined together to charm. Now you had tramp-

steamers from all sorts of places waiting in the Sound for orders, and occasionally productive in their cabins of wines unknown to St. Swithin's Lane, and queer-shaped bundles of unheard-of cigars. Now your boatmen, asked how far it was across to Brittany, would wink and say, "Take you over some night this fine weather, if you like, sir. *We* know the way," the emphasis on the pronoun, taken together with the wink, suggesting dim notions of tricks played on the Revenue.

Well, one day we were fishing for whiting and pollack with good success (the final bag was seventy-five, I think), till the sudden entire absence of bites made our man say, "Seal about somewhere," and, sure enough, a wicked old grey head emerged before long not far from us. To give things time to recover, we made for one of the smaller islets, which the celebrated proprietor, most arbitrary[1] of the great clan

[1] It was admitted that his arbitrariness had been on the whole a godsend to the islanders, whom he converted from pauperism to prosperity. But it

of Smith, had cleared of its, I think, single occupant household, in order to make it a preserve for a peculiar breed of white rabbit. I took a fancy to land: my companion preferred to circumnavigate and pick me up at a point on the other side. When I got there, after startling many bunnies and catching one who proved himself amphibious, I saw the boat some hundred yards off one of those curious "bites" or "scoops," as one might call them, which are common in granite coasts—places where the shore does not slope down to the water and does not rise high above it, but stops abruptly a little short of ordinary high-water mark, with a sharp drop of a few feet, and then a flattish beach.

The drop was not great, and my eyes, not much better than they are now, saw nothing more than a greyish floor of stones below. So I simply jumped. But my feet had no sooner

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was sometimes a little trying—as when, conceiving himself to be safest from seasickness on the top step of the companion, he used to establish himself there, blocking the way alike up and down.

struck the ground than that ground became alive with rats. (The rabbits might have warned me of the brutes' probable presence, if they had been more talkative or I more notice-taking.) It of course flashed across me that if they turned on me in the way of some gruesome stories, I should have very little chance. I had no stick in my hand; the wall round the little bay, though not high, was high enough and perpendicular enough to make getting up it a very different thing from getting down; and the boat was far enough off to give the rats a most unpleasant start. It was, of course, only a matter of a moment; but a moment is quite enough for Fear. Luckily the rats were quite as much afraid of me as I was of them, and scuttled off to their holes forthwith, relinquishing their opportunity of giving a *revanche*-sense to the term "rat-pit." The boat came up and took me in, and we returned to our fishing, Mr. Seal having ceased interloping—though I suppose, in fact, we were the interlopers. But I own to a Funk of the

Bluest. It is not pleasant to climb the sometimes almost concave and nearly always crumbling mud-cliffs of the Holderness coast of Yorkshire, with an unexpected tide coming in actually under your feet; but one was not quite helpless there, and although I have always doubted the alleged unobjectionableness of drowning, it must surely be preferable to the fate of Bishop Hatto. Nevertheless, both experiences are good to remember. The most precious gift of any Present is that it provides you for the Future with a Past—at the best, enjoyed; at even the worst, got over!

LXXII. *Wapping Old Stairs.*—Some people may still remember that Thackeray, in that opening scene of *The Newcomes* which has few superiors in the overtures of the English Novel, speaks of "Wapping Old Stairs" as "a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it," and calls it "as quaint as charming." Some little

time ago I saw it described by Pennialinus as "maudlin pseudo-nautical doggerel." Now if P. had stopped at his second word of abuse, or had substituted another for "doggerel," one could only have shrugged one's shoulders and agreed to agree with Mr. Titmarsh rather than with his successor in Fleet Street. But the latter, by calling it "doggerel," has given a handle—as Aristophanes would say. That word is, of course, sometimes very loosely used, but never, by any one entitled to criticise verse at all, without reference to irregular or clumsy rhythm and metre, as well as sometimes, though rather less correctly, of things like *Lillibullero*, which, though all right rhythmically, are wholly or mainly gibberish in language. These are not questions of mere "taste"—they concern accuracy or inaccuracy of reading and hearing. And in these respects "Wapping Old Stairs" is faultless. So, though our P. may be entitled to his own view of "maudlin," and may be as well qualified to decide on real and pseudo-

nauticality as the captains of the *Cautious Clara* or of H.M.S. *Pinafore*, it will go near to be feared shortly that he has, in respect of "doggerel," written himself down earless—if not also something else that is not usually remarkable for earlessness.

LXXIII. *Criticism: VIII. Of Wheel-Circlings and Poetic Visibility.*—Within the present year, I think, it was allowed in one of the chief literary papers of England that Poe and Whitman were "the only great poets of America." And it was interesting to remember how very different orthodox and accepted literary opinion was, forty or fifty years ago. The singular recalcitrance of American taste to Poe was, indeed, never fully imitated here. I hope no Englishman of any mark in letters would have endorsed the late Mr. Henry James's estimate of "To Helen" and "For Annie", and "The Haunted Palace"; of "Ulalume" and "Annabel Lee" as "very valueless verse." But, as I may have said else-

where, late in the 'seventies Sir (then Mr.) Leslie Stephen not only refused an introduced and in a manner invited essay by the present humble writer, but accompanied the refusal with a somewhat schoolmasterly denunciation (for which it is fair to say he apologised later) of my description of Poe as having something of "the first order of poets." As for Whitman, we could not for a long time boast even partial appreciation of the right kind (for I fear Mr. Swinburne's was chiefly due to that curious delusion of his that he himself was a Republican). And here the American *intelligentsia* was much worse than ours. Its principal organ at that time, the *Nation*, again somewhere in the 'seventies, got into quite "a state of mind" over an article of mine in the *Academy* eulogistic of *Leaves of Grass*.

But whether any particular critic or critics at any particular time, in any particular country, had the good sense, good taste, or good luck to appreciate a particular poet when others did not, is a question of very little moment. It is of much

greater to perceive that in almost—I think quite —all cases of real poetry the wheel *does* come full circle in a happier sense than Edmund's. Sometimes it may revolve backwards and forwards like the actual wheel of a ship : sometimes it may go steadily forward ; sometimes, alas ! as steadily the other way. But these and other variations are chiefly due to the extraordinarily fluctuating character of what (to promote a new-comer in the language of weather-reports) we may call the "visibility" of contemporary atmosphere as to poetry. It is certain that not everybody knows what to look for in poetry, and it is still more certain that at times the poetic panther is not glimpsed by—the poetic moment does not sound for—any one. To take two instances almost as different as possible, who really heard or saw Herrick in later mid-seventeenth century, Blake in latest eighteenth ? On the other hand, how many "tartan cuddies" (as the population of a Scotch village used to call the results of crossing experiments with zebras) have been mistaken

for the true beast with the *gaietta pelle*, and how many tinklings of the brassiest cymbals for the sound of Apollo's lute? But when the real thing does come, sooner or later it will be seen and heard by fit ears and eyes. Those by which it is mis-seen and mis-heard, or unseen and unheard altogether, do not matter. They pass: it does not pass. The "visibility" clears or thickens; but the object abides. It may even seem different objects to the different eyes that see and ears that hear it: the same four words of Sappho or of Shakespeare may be "criticism of life" to one, and divine marriage of sound with sense to another. The wireless may wander about the world a long time before it finds its receiver; but reception is certain, sooner or later, so long as the utterance is extant, and even periods of general blindness or deafness are only intervals.

To conclude these purposely brief notes on Criticism by one who may, without fatuity, claim somewhat more than average acquaintance with

its works and ways at all recorded times—there is no intention of any silly patronising or belittling of its phases at the present day. It seems to be rather unusually active, and I myself have certainly nothing to complain of the activities of its youngest stalwarts. It has the not small advantage of being much better *read* than at some periods of the past. If it is a little "jargonish," that is a sort of rash which besets letters and goes off again. If it sometimes amuses itself with making, say, Socrates and Stevenson into "myths," the mythopoeic faculty is notoriously strong in the young. Its principal fault and danger seems to me to lie in what I may call the Resurrection of the Rule—the fault and the danger being in some cases aggravated by the jargon just mentioned, which tends to substitute mistiness of atmosphere for the clearness which has to some extent compensated for Rule-tyranny in the past. Mere eccentricities, such as that one of the Miss Miltons wrote (*not* from dictation) *Paradise Regained* or that Shakespeare meant the

Prince of Denmark to be a model and pattern of decisive thought and resolute action, matter little. I know that Stevenson, and I think that Socrates, would have enjoyed being a "myth" immensely. But the Rule in Criticism brings Hell and Death; the readiness—fed by appetite for masterpieces of all sorts and trained by study of them—to accept the illimitable idiosyncrasy of the work for what it is in itself worth (as the advertisements say) to YOU, brings Heaven and Life.

LXXIV. *The Oxford Movement.*—There is no book which I should have more liked to write, or should more like to have written, than a *History of the Oxford Movement.* There is, of course, a great bulk of what is politely called, and sometimes is, "literature" on the subject—some of it by persons, such as the late Dean Church, to whom I acknowledge myself inferior with a cheerful humility—some of it mere partisan chaff and draff, or at the best mere paste-and-scissors book-making. But, whether the handling were

good or bad, the matter has never yet been quite ripe for it till pretty recently, and I think a layman might perhaps have treated it with some advantages over a cleric, provided that he also possessed advantages of another kind not quite so open to persons of the present[1] or any future generation. Some of these advantages did, I think, fall to my lot. When I went up to Oxford itself in 1863, the Movement was out of Egypt and the Wilderness—was, in fact, in possession of most of the brains and a fair proportion of the benefices of the Church of England. The Evangelicals of the day were amazingly devoid, not merely of brilliancy, but of actual intellect:[2] the intellect of the new Broad Church party, though it could

[1] Which also shows a slight tendency to prefer that *valet-de-chambre* style of biography from which never came any good yet. We can all, if we care to go low enough, guess what the *v. de c.* has to tell us: we cannot always divine what he has not.

[2] The chief exception, among my contemporaries who were known to me, was the almost celebrated "Bazely of Brasenose"—the "Oxford Evangelist." But I rather doubt whether, if Bazely had been born some years earlier, he would have been Evangelical at all. He was rather of the stuff that likes to swim *against* the tide.

not be denied, was, as a once famous joke of the time had it, rather a "d—d intellect," and was as yet small in numbers. Ritualism—an excellent thing in its way—was still for the most part kept within rational bounds in that way; and High Churchmen could claim in Pusey, who was still their μέγας, a theologian who had no superior in Europe for learning, orthodoxy, and brains, combined with personal saintliness and charm:[1] in Keble a true poet, who was also (though people who could not read Latin might not know it for a long time) a critic of very unusual insight and catholicity. As for the "Lost Leader," Newman, he was about to exhibit (and did so, while I was still "up," in the *Apologia*) that singular compound of dialectical ingenuity, want of historic sense and judgment, intense spiritual nervousness, and marvellous power of expression, both poetical and rhetorical, which—for once—explains his life as well as his works.

[1] Something in Pusey's voice always reminded me of something in Shelley's poetry—the colour-key of both being found in moonlight.

No doubt, as often happens, if not always, when the battle is won, the army was losing some of its force. Liddon, whom some would have had to be a Successor, always seemed to me an exceedingly inadequate one—a pleasantly tinkling cymbal enough, but nothing more, and with most of its tinklings echoes; while, though there were excellent old soldiers, such as Church himself, King,[1] afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and others, the younger generation were not always of the strongest. I early joined the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity (of which, I believe, I am not even yet an excommunicated member, though Father Benson, its then Master, and I once had a difficulty as to the exact meaning of one of its rules about glasses of wine) and so saw something of things satisfactory enough for the most part.

[1] Most people who take any interest in church matters must have heard of Bishop King's admirable qualities as a bishop, but a good many may not know of his wit. Some one was once extolling poor Luke Rivington's eloquence before he "went over." "Yes," said King, "when Luke has preached and you get up from your knees, you think you'll never do again anything you've done before. But if the church is full and you're some time getting to the door, you begin to think you will."

But Ultra-Ritualism, as it was sure to do, played increasing mischief with the Littlebrains of the party, and before long far worse mischief was caused by the unfortunate facts that Mr. Gladstone was turning his political, while nominally[1] preserving his ecclesiastical coat, and that Mr. Disraeli, having no ecclesiastical coat of his own, borrowed, or hired, the wrong one.

This is not the place to dilate on the matter. Only let me repeat that I should have liked to write two volumes—or, by 'r Lady, three—on the History of the Oxford Movement from the time when it began, almost equally, to startle High and Dry, Low and Greasy, to that when it may be said to have given up the ghost in face of National Assemblies and Revised Prayer-books and Pseudo-High-Church Bolshevists, and clerics who will

[1] How even W. E. G.—to whom nothing that he himself did was wrong or inconsistent—could bring himself to rob the Irish Church and to strip the English of nearly all her hold on the Universities, has always been a slight puzzle to me. That when he had done these things he thought them all right goes without question. But as to what made him do them, I fear that the common explanation, "Vote-catching in general and his defeat at Oxford in particular," is only too correct.

take up any mischievous or hypocritical fad—Pussyfootism, Female Preaching, Divorce-while-you-wait-or-don't-wait, Belief in a Fundamental Stuff and Disbelief in the Virgin Birth, Fellowship with Dissenters, Disestablishment, Disendowment, Dis-anything you like, provided they may—not "save," but—"catch" some.[1]

LXXV. *Un Secret de Polichinelle.*—Early in this year I happened to say to one of our most distinguished historical scholars, "Does anybody know any history now?" and he replied, *more suo*, sedately, "I rather think not." A day or two later I read in a newspaper, which had recently advocated Irish Home Rule in the most energetic manner, that "the passing of British [they meant English] responsibility had disclosed once for all the true cause of recent Irish troubles." So,

[1] In what a Jesuit critic once called *historia mixta*, *i.e.* fiction qualifying and qualified by fact, Mr. Compton Mackenzie has lately been portraying, more vividly and truthfully than agreeably, the *crapauds imprévus* and the *froids limaçons*, who, with some more fiery evil beasts, have made their appearance at the "Coucher du Soleil *Anglo-Catholique*" (*v.* Baudelaire).

till Easter 1922, the true cause of Irish troubles at each and every turn, recent and throughout the ages, was *un*disclosed. The half or wholly legendary events before the English conquest; the chronicles of the Pale and its surroundings; the days when, as all Ireland couldn't keep a certain Earl in order, he had to be entrusted with the keeping of all Ireland in it; the everlasting bloodshed of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the minor anarchy of the eighteenth; the intensifying thereof in its later years and the earlier ones of the nineteenth; and the results of the various "buyings off" from Catholic Emancipation to the legislation of recent years—all this had "disclosed" nothing to our publicist—no "couplets" blood-red if not "golden," no single egg of ever threatening and mostly present Discord. He had never heard of Kilkenny except as a most respectable county town—of its cats as anything but peaceful, purring pussies. It was a novel and startling revelation to him that, while there are no better or braver fellows than

some individual Irish men and no more charming girls than some individual Irish women, *Hibernia sibi permissa* becomes at once a den of assassins and a convent of aspirants to the heirship of the knitters of the Guillotine and the *pétroleuses* of '71 !

LXXVI. *Virtue Unrewarded* (*A Tale of Two Professors*).—It should be still fairly common knowledge that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, one of the chief anxieties of University Reformers in England centred round the status of Professors. They were wicked sinecurists, or at least holders of exceedingly easy cures. German professors—it must not be forgotten that Germany was the *bona patria* of nearly all intellectuals then—lectured ; Scotch professors lectured ; why not Oxford and Cambridge ones ?

Now before the introduction of Boards of Studies and other inventions of the Devil, there were, even after the First Commission at Oxford,

few means of compelling holders of Chairs to talk, outside of very rare statutory obligations. But some had begun to do so even before my time—"Herodotus" Rawlinson, Conington, Wall, and others. Of Jowett I have spoken, and *in* that time Canon Shirley (whom Oxford lost too soon) began to make Ecclesiastical History very much alive. But the two virtuous persons of distinction whose efforts I am going to chronicle represented much more out-of-the-way subjects.

The first was no less a man than Pusey himself. It would, of course, have been useless for him to invite undergraduates in general to be talked to about Hebrew, but he announced such a talk to be given in his own canonical house at Christ Church on a less abstruse subject. (The exact text I forget,[1] but it came to, or included, something about Jael and Sisera.) Now the great qualities of almost the only Englishman, except Lord Roberts, whom I have ever regarded

[1] There must still be living persons who were present and could supply it.

with actual and personal veneration,[1] did not include man-of-the-worldliness. Otherwise he would have anticipated—the unusualness and other points of the thing considered—a "full house." His library, into which we were first shown, was obviously inadequate; and after some confabulation, the butler (*v. sup.* p. 188) conducted us to a vast and rather ghostly drawing-room, which looked as if it had never been used since Mrs. Pusey's death.

As might have been expected, the thing was not an entire success. There was not the slightest disorder—even in less peculiar circumstances, any Oxford man of those days, however lively elsewhere, would no more have thought of disturbance at lecture ("Commem." was official Saturnalia) than of throwing bread at dinner or bear-fighting in a boudoir. But questions were permitted; Pusey was, of course, out of practice—if he had ever been in it—with such work;

[1] Though I could not with him, as I could with Lord Roberts, claim personal *acquaintance*.

and when one wicked person started the old scholastic *aporia*, "Does the Divinity approve things because they are right? or are they right because the Divinity approves them?" it was rather an apple of discord. However, the incident closed in the peace it deserved—except that those of us who "knocked out" on the Canterbury side scandalised the porter terribly, though of course he could not refuse a Canon's guests. And it was, I think, never repeated.

The other case was of a lighter character. The late Mervyn Herbert Nevil Story-Maskelyne, who died almost a nonagenarian a year or two before the war, was Professor of Mineralogy, and an enthusiast for his subject. Although the income of the Chair was very small, and he had work at the British Museum, he was disturbed about holding a sinecure. If he had advertised lectures in a lecture-room he might, as he well knew, according to a joke as old as the Greek Anthology, be sure of *four* auditors (the walls of the room), and as many more as there might be

benches, but of no others. So he took unto himself a feminine auxiliary in the person of one of the very few ladies—not wives of heads of houses or professors—who then dwelt in Oxford, and got her to crimp some undergraduates whom she knew and offer them tea in her drawing-room, if they would come and bring others with them, and be talked to about crystals.

And they did it the first time, and there may have been six or eight. And they did it the second time, and there may have been three or four. And they did it the third time, and there were two. And the two couldn't help smiling. And Story-Maskelyne, who was a very agreeable person, smiled too, and said, "Well, I don't think I need occupy Miss ——'s drawing-room, and bore you two, any more." And there was silence on Mineralogy in Oxford for the space of I do not know how much longer. I daresay at the present moment you can specialise in it and become a "D.Min.," or something of that sort. But the world went pretty well then without it, somehow!

LXXVII. *The Charm of Ugliness.*—What is this? For as we began with a question as to charm, so let us end with one, though the two will probably require very different treatment. The investigator there decided that the fact of the charm was undoubted, as far as he himself was concerned, but that he was uncertain as to the reason. Here he may as well start plumply by announcing that ugliness has no charm for him (except in one case, which is not really a case, and may be kept to the end), but that he thinks he knows something of the reason of its apparent existence for others.

Let us begin scholastically—the advantages of doing so are sadly misknown—by dismissing a quibble about this being ugly to me and that to thee. The ugliness of which we are speaking is almost *quod semper*, *quod ubique*, *quod ab omnibus* (except by exceptional persons and in exceptional periods) has been *thought* ugly. That there is such a quality, or combination of qualities, in regard to all things sensible in the widest meaning

of that word, it were idle to deny, and almost as idle to argue. Verse that stumbles and lollops; prose that is over-drab or over-bedizened; music that suggests the old marrow-bone, cleaver and salt-box as appropriate instruments for its execution; painting that "chucks the palette in the face of the public"; drawing that presents an admittedly beautiful sitter as a sort of jointed doll with most of the joints pulled awry; selection, in excess of the proportions of natural life, of crime, grime, torture, lust without love or laughter, meanness, etc., etc., as subjects for literature—all this, and much more, to be easily supplied, constitutes the "ugliness" of which we are speaking. The results of seeking charm in it are sometimes called "realism"—a very impudent misnomer, inasmuch as the exact opposites are just as real, and a sort of middle or neutral state more real—at least more common—still.

Now this sort of thing has been rather popular for some time now, and popularity implies some

sort of charm, though of a degraded kind. And it has been popular, as everything has, before. Many very ugly things were popular at Rome, though not many (excluding some points of sexual morality) had been so in Greece. Putting Italy aside, the fifteenth century in Europe had rather a fancy for the ugly in literature, and so on, and so on. Recently the cult has been widely extended, though some say it is dwindling. Let us hope so. The most remarkable instance of it, perhaps, is the mania for Russian literature. (I cannot read Russian, but as, I fancy, most of the maniacs are in the same plight, that hardly disqualifies me.) Outside of Tourguénieff (whom, calling him, I think, Turgenjew, or something of that kind, the believers exclude from consideration as not genuinely Muscovite), Ugliness seems to me the only usual beauty of the Russian Muse.[1]

Part, indeed the major part, of the reason of

[1] I *do* admire Tolstoi's *Ivan Ilyitch*, which is not exactly a fairy-tale. But there "the proportions of natural life" and those of Art are observed.

this is, no doubt, the result of the action of the great goddess or Titaness, Vicissitude—Mutability—whose celebration by her special poet some think at least on a par with the greatest achievements of the epic kind in English. Spenser, though he could be the reverse of mealy-mouthed himself, would hardly have made Change deserve her final defeat by this particular exercise of her power. But he was too much of a philosopher as well as of a poet not to recognise that, putting the Heaven to which she aspired aside—

In all things else she bears the greatest sway.

After nearly a century of deliberate quest of beauty in literature and other arts, it is not very astonishing that some people at least should turn to Ugliness and find charm which does not really exist. Disease is almost as natural in a way as health, and it very often *purges*. Morbid appetite, indeed, is said to be rather difficult to cure; but, after all, the force of Mutability herself

is restorative as well as destructive; and even a decade or two may provide the survivors of this generation with renewed and enlarged supplies of verse that is not falsely "free"; prose that is not jargon; music that is not jarring; colour that is not glare; outline which is not "demd"; and architecture which does not resemble piles of biscuit-boxes. But some one may say, "You 'signed on' long ago to Tassoni and his *Donne Brutte*. Do you now deny the charm in *them?*" To which there are two sufficient and final answers. First, women are exceptions to, and in, and from, everything. Secondly, if an ugly girl is charming—as she certainly sometimes is—the charm is not in the ugliness but in the girl.

POSTSCRIPT

Page 166. It should perhaps be mentioned here that the American "Loeb" Classical Library contains (though I did not know it when I wrote) at least a beginning of something like the scheme suggested here.

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